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KORO

BY

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LATE OF THE MAORI MISSION AND LATE
HON. CANON OF CHRISTCHURCH, N.Z.

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PREFACE

IN the following pages an attempt is made to tell how a commonplace Maori tried to do what he thought to be his duty in life.

J. W. S.

LONDON, 1909,

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Koro

CHAPTER I.

WHO WAS KORO ?

“WHAT a strange-looking man !” exclaimed a voice beside me, as the garden gate opened and a queer-looking figure entered, surrounded by a giggling crowd of English children who watched his movements with noisy interest.

The comical object was Te Koro, an old Maori man, of small stature and ungainly figure, attired after a very fantastic fashion in a variety of garments, which all seemed too big for him.

His head was surmounted by no less than three felt hats, stuck one over the other, a thick woollen muffler enveloped his neck, while his feet were wrapped in rags, kept together by native flax sandals.

On entering the gate he commenced shouting my Maori name, “Tarkah, eh ! Tarkah !” at the top of his voice, which soon brought our neighbours to their windows to ascertain the cause of the commotion.

Though broad daylight, the old man appeared to be feeling his way, with his long arms stretched out before him, as he shuffled up the pathway towards the house. He gave a delighted shout when he recognised me standing on the doorstep ready to receive him.

Taking off the pile of hats, he disclosed a bald, well-greased head, which bent forward as he grasped my outstretched hand. The loss of one eye rather spoilt the expression of his face, which, though plain, was intelligent, and bore a striking resemblance to a Chinese type of countenance.

My queer-looking visitor, despite his odd appearance, was a most estimable man, and one of my most valued friends; and those whose laughter his scarecrow appearance provoked would doubtless have been very much surprised had they been told that the object of their merriment was one of the best of men, and that within his ungainly and misshapen body dwelt a pure and noble spirit, full of goodness and divine love.

Our acquaintance with each other began in 1859, during my first visit to the Maoris residing on Banks Peninsula. Church life at that time was at a very low ebb amongst the Maoris. Drunkenness and immorality had almost obliterated every distinguishing mark of their Christianity. The standard of life adopted by them when they first embraced the Christian faith had been exchanged for

the standard which prevailed amongst the Europeans with whom they associated while employed on the whaling-stations, or on board the whaling-ships cruising in the South Pacific. The deteriorating effect of this intercourse was very apparent, particularly amongst the women, and it was increased by the presence amongst them of bands of disorderly men, composed of South Sea Islanders who had run away from whaling-ships, and North Island natives, who instead of returning to their own part of the country when the roads which they were brought over by the English Government to make were finished, planted themselves down, without the leave of the owners, upon the nearest Maori reserve, and claimed their right, under Maori rules of hospitality, to become permanent inmates of any house they chose to enter. The vicious conduct of these strangers disturbed the peace of every family, and quarrels and acts of violence were of daily occurrence. General dissatisfaction with the existing state of things prevailed, and the majority of people were ready to welcome any remedy which seemed likely to afford relief from the intolerable evils from which they were suffering.

During my stay at Port Levy public meetings were held daily, for the purpose of devising some scheme for the reformation of manners ; and the decision ultimately arrived at was that Church discipline for moral offences should be revived, and that for the

maintenance of social order a village council should be constituted under regulations to be approved of by the English magistrates of the district.

All felt that the first step towards improving the existing state of things must be the revival amongst them of reverence for God's Majesty, and the daily acknowledgment by them of His right to govern their conduct. They had allowed the church erected upon the site chosen by Bishop Selwyn during his first visit to the place, and consecrated by his subsequent ministrations within its walls, to become unusable. Through large holes in the roof the greater portion of the thatching had fallen on to the floor below, and there, in the heaps formed by it, the pigs of the neighbourhood nestled together every night.

The desire to do something to atone for this past neglect found expression in the resolve to replace the old church with one built of sawn timber. Those who possessed forest trees promised to give a sufficient number of them to furnish the necessary building materials; while skilled sawyers, amongst the unwelcome North Islanders, volunteered to cut them up into boards. And every grown-up person in the community promised to give a contribution in money, which was to be obtained by setting apart for the purpose a portion of what they received by the sale of firewood. The inhabitants of Lyttelton were at the time largely dependent upon the Maoris

for what firewood they used, especially those who lived where no roads existed on the steep hillsides. The firewood was carried up from the beach upon the backs of men and women, who took their loads to all parts of the town, and sold them at the rate of one shilling each backload.

When the time came for the payment of their promised contributions, they paid in a sum of £100 to the Church Building Fund, which represented no less than two thousand backloads of firewood.

Owing to the ruinous condition of the church the practice had grown up of holding divine service in any suitable dwelling-house which might be lent for the purpose, and it was probably due to this, that the attendance at the services had dwindled down to almost the vanishing-point, and that the behaviour of the few who did attend was so wanting in reverence.

All grown-up Maoris were once heathens, who knew nothing of Christianity until their religious ideas and habits of thought were already fixed in a heathen mould. One of the most deeply rooted of their heathen ideas was that any place devoted to the cooking of food was polluting, and that no greater insult could be offered to the Unseen Powers whom they worshipped, than to connect their rites with any place in which food was cooked and eaten.

It was not enough to be told that the true

God might be worshipped anywhere. Acts of worship had always been associated in their minds with some particular enclosure or building, or thicket, or rock, or mountain peak, and violence was done to their cherished feelings of reverence when they were encouraged to worship God in polluted places.

It was too much to expect that a people who did not possess any words in their language for expressing abstract ideas should, without external aids to the production of reverential feeling, experience and exhibit such feeling in their acts of public worship.

As might be expected under such circumstances, the Maoris' sense of reverence broke down under the strain to which it was subjected, and they lost their respect for a Deity who, according to their ideas, did not respect Himself or punish those who dishonoured Him.

As it seemed imperative in the interests of their faith that the public services of religion should no longer be performed in common dwelling-houses, the Maoris were induced to put the old church into a sufficient state of repair to allow of its being used on the following Sunday. Willing hands were found among the men to clear away the accumulated heaps of rubbish, whilst equally willing hands were found amongst the women to scrub the floor, and to cover it and the inner walls of the building with new mats. Forms for seating the people were furnished by the

North Island men, who had already promised to provide the sawn timber for the new church.

On Sunday, at the three services held, the church was filled from end to end with an attentive congregation, all dressed in their best clothes. But I noted with surprise the absence of one man, who, in spite of his insignificant appearance and halting speech, had, during the late discussions, by his persistent demand for reform, done more than any one else to bring about this beginning of an improved state of things.

On inquiry I learnt that the man's name was Koro; that two years before, in a fit of remorse for having uttered a violent threat during a dispute with another Maori, he had resigned the office of lay-reader in the church, and that ever since then, in acknowledgment of his wrong-doing, he had absented himself from the religious gatherings of the people.

Early in the week, while strolling outside the village, I met Koro, who had been watching, ever since I came to Port Levy, for an opportunity of seeing me alone. He told me how rejoiced he was that his long-cherished wish to "lift the worship of God from the kitchen to its proper place in the church" was at last accomplished, and how he longed to be restored to the church privileges he had forfeited by his display of unchristian temper. He was in a very contrite

frame of mind, and free from any spark of resentment against the man who had provoked his anger by employing the most exasperating language in disparagement of his claim to a certain piece of bush-land at Kaiapoi.

Shortly after this interview I held a formal inquiry—with the assistance of two native magistrates—into the circumstances which led to Koro's resignation, the result of which was that he was reinstated as lay-reader, greatly to the satisfaction of the Maori community.

CHAPTER II.

KORO AS A HEATHEN AND AS A CHRISTIAN.

BEFORE proceeding any further with the account of Koro's ministry as a Christian teacher amongst his own people, it may help to a juster estimate of its value if I introduce here the account which he gave me of his own life up to the time of our first meeting. It was as follows :

I am the son of Ihumatanui [broad-pointed nose] by his wife Rawa [wealth].

My father went from Kaiapoi to Kaikoura some time before my birth, and settled there at a place called Omihi, where I spent my boyhood.

When I was about eighteen years of age our "pa" was captured by the famous North Island chief, Rauparaha, who put most of the inhabitants to death. I was spared, and sent with several other young people of both sexes to the stronghold of our captors, on the island of Kapiti. The chief to whom I was assigned afterwards took me to Porirua, on the mainland, where his permanent residence

was. From there I was frequently sent to Kapiti, Otaki, and other places in the neighbourhood on my master's business. As a reward for my diligent attention to his interests he allowed me to pay a long visit to Te More, a chief who lived on the Whanganui river, who claimed relationship with the tribe to which I belonged in the South Island, and who had promised, if I would visit him, to give me a canoe as a token of his recognition of our kinship.

When I had been about two years with my kinsman at Whanganui, my visit was brought to an end by the unexpected arrival, on the river-bank opposite where I was living, of Te Puoho, one of Rauparaha's renowned lieutenants, with a large armed force of Ngatikarewa and Ngatikiriwera. Te More told me to cross over and find out the object of their coming. I did so; but, hearing that Rauparaha himself was camped with the main body of his warriors only a few miles lower down the river, I thought it better to go and report myself to him. On reaching the camp I went straight to his quarters. He recognised me as I approached, and, turning to his nephew, asked where I had come from, as he had not seen me about for a long time. His nephew explained the cause of my absence. When he heard that I had been staying with the Whanganui people, Rauparaha, looking at me, exclaimed, "Eh! eh! eh! What are your acquaintances here doing? Come, tell

me, how many warriors have they got at the place where you were staying ? ”

I replied about two hundred.

“ How do you know that ? ” he said.

“ I saw them performing a war-dance lately. Three times they stood up to dance, and sang songs of defiance.”

“ Have you ever seen the place,” he asked, “ where my friend Te Pehi was attacked and killed ? ”

“ Yes,” I replied, “ and I can guide you to it.”

Having got from me all the information he wanted, he gave me permission to return to my friends at Putikiwharanui.

The ovens were still cooking the evening meal when I re-entered the pa. The people flocked round me to hear the news which I brought from the enemy's camp.

I told them Ngatiawa led the van, Rau-paraha commanded the centre, Ngatitoa brought up the rear, and that their object in coming to Whanganui was to avenge the death of Te Pehi. The tidings I brought roused the indignation of my hearers to the highest pitch of fury, and they gave vent to their anger in loud shouts of defiance. One of their number, Patu-tokotoko, a chief who had never concealed his dislike to me, came forward, brandishing his hatchet as if he meant to kill me, and he would no doubt have done so but for the interposition of More, who said to me, “ Ira, eh, rise up and

go to Waitotara." This was a friendly hint that my life was not safe where I was, and that he wished me to take refuge with his section of the Whanganui tribe. But I preferred to return to my masters, and the next day I went down the river to their camp. On reaching the landing-place I met Rauparaha, and heard him exclaim as I passed :

"Why, sirs, here is this *thing* come back again !"

"Yes," replied one of his nephews, who was friendly to me, and willing, at the cost of truth, to save me from a spy's fate. "We knew that he was coming back. We told him to do so."

Arrangements for attacking the Whanganuis were already completed, and Ngatiawa were about to cross the river in force to destroy the pa which I had just left. As they were starting, Rauparaha called out :

"Listen ! Spare no one. Avenge my kinsman Te Pehi !"

The departing warriors found no difficulty in carrying out their instructions. The pa, weakened by the flight of one hundred and forty of its defenders, was easily captured, and every one found in it was put to death.

Having run short of provisions, Rauparaha sent a foraging expedition up the river as far as Turoa's cultivations, with orders to procure and bring back a supply of potatoes. Two hundred men embarked in ten canoes, and I was sent with them as guide. Rauparaha

came to the water's edge as we pushed out into the stream, and called out :

"Beware you are not rash ! Do not be rash."

Then addressing me he said :

"Eh ! eh ! eh ! Turn this way and attend. Take care. Don't be rash."

Needless to say that after such a warning I was most careful ; but, in spite of all the precautions taken by the majority of our leaders, the expedition failed owing to the foolhardiness of one of them, who, presuming upon his high rank and close relationship to Rauparaha, pushed upstream in advance of the main body. He met a canoe coming down the river, containing two of the enemy. Instead of concealing his identity till they came alongside, and were in his power, he uttered a war-cry, and went in pursuit of them ; but they turned quickly into the bank and escaped before he could reach them. When the rest of our canoes reached the spot, and our leaders became aware of what had happened, they ordered the immediate return of the expedition, fearing lest our retreat might be cut off, now that our presence in the neighbourhood was known to our foes.

On getting back to camp, Rauparaha, who was seated on the river-bank watching our movements, signified his contempt for our failure by turning up the whites of his eyes, putting out his tongue, and making hideous faces. Then in sarcastic tones he ridiculed

the abortive attempt to carry out his orders, till one of the chiefs, irritated beyond all endurance by his taunts, cried out :

“It was *your own* doing. It was one of *your own family* who caused our failure and obliged our return.”

“Who was it ?” asked Rauparaha.

“Why, Porohaka, of Ngatitōa.”

The day after our return from this unsuccessful expedition, I was ordered to go and carry food for one of the hunting-parties who were being sent out to search for fugitive Whanganuis.

In the course of the day, as I was going along a narrow path through the tall fern, carrying a heavy load of dried fish and potatoes, I spied a man running across an old cultivation, with the evident intention of reaching the shelter of the thickly-wooded river-bank. Not being able to free myself from my load in time to intercept him, I called out to my companions : “Here is a man !” The fugitive, hearing my voice, altered his course, and turned aside into a gully, where he hid in the bushes. Several of our party ran towards the spot where he disappeared. Throwing down my load I joined in the pursuit. As we got close to the place of his concealment, the man stood up and came towards us ; and, as we crowded round him, an authoritative voice behind us called out :

“Stand clear !”

“What for?” asked one of the bystanders.

The only reply that he got to his question was the report from the musket fired by Te Hiko at our prisoner. We all jumped aside, when Te Hiko fired again; this time the ball went through the man's body and came out at the lower part of his back; he fell forward on his face, and shortly afterwards expired. We left the body lying there, and went towards the wood from which I had first seen him emerge, and which was the very place where the engagement was fought years before in which Te Pehi was killed, the chief whose death my masters were avenging.

I was fortunate enough to find another man who was concealing himself in some thick undergrowth. Not having any sort of weapon with me, I could not kill him, but I managed to hold on to him till one of our party, hearing my calls for assistance, came up and killed him. He was an old man, and proved to be a chief of high rank amongst the Whanganuis.

Towards nightfall we returned to camp, carrying with us the bodies of the two men we had secured. There we learnt that ours was the only party that had caught any one that day, and we had the satisfaction of being complimented upon our success by the great Rauparaha himself, who indulged in a variety of grim jokes while the ovens were being prepared to cook the proceeds of the day's sport.

When the body of the man we first killed was cooked and cut up, Rauparaha deigned to recognise the part I had played in his capture by ordering a joint to be given to me, with a message from himself, that, as I had caught the game, I ought to share in the eating of it.

The madness which drove our heathen people to kill one another on the slightest pretext was increased by the foreign drink brought into the country by the Pakeha whalers who settled amongst them, and horrible things were continually being done, which revolted even the heathens' callous conscience.

I myself witnessed an atrocious act, perpetrated in a house where a number of persons had met to hear from a returned Ngapuhi slave what he was able to tell about the missionaries' teaching.

A relative of my master strolled in, and, in a fit of drunken frolic, deliberately cut the throat of an inoffensive old man who was intently listening to the speaker.

About six years after this happened, Tame Naera arrived from the Bay of Islands, with news of the great change which had taken place in the beliefs and conduct of the northern tribes who had submitted to the teaching of the English missionaries at Paihia. He said that, wherever what the missionaries called the "Good news," was accepted, peace and good-will prevailed. What he said ex-

cited in the minds of some of our most intelligent young chiefs a desire for better things. They placed themselves under Naera's instruction, and begged him to teach them all that he himself had learnt from the missionaries. I was allowed to join them.

Although our teacher only possessed a few scraps of printed matter he succeeded in teaching us all to read and write, by tracing letters with a pointed stick upon the ground, or upon a board covered with sand.

But the little we learnt about the Christian faith from our native teacher only made us long to know more about it, and so young Rauparaha and his cousin Te Whiwhi resolved to visit Paihia, and invite one of the English missionaries to come back with them. They succeeded in accomplishing their object, and brought back Mr. Hadfield, who took up his quarters in our pa, and became our devoted teacher. He was surprised to find that so many of us were able to read the gospels which he put into our hands, and we were soon enlisted by him in the work of teaching others to read and write. I was specially employed to impart instruction to my fellow slaves from the South Island.

At first the old chiefs looked coldly upon our work. They feared that it would put a stop to war, and so deprive them of rank and fame as warriors; and Mr. Hadfield met with a good deal of opposition from them, and was sometimes in danger of losing his life.

On one occasion, when he was opposing the policy advocated by some of the leading chiefs who wanted to go to war with a neighbouring tribe, one of their number, a great Tohunga, who was supposed to possess magical powers which rendered him an object of dread to all his fellows, waxed very wroth, and, after working himself up to a terrible pitch of excitement, ended by cursing him and handing him over to the Powers of Darkness.

We dreaded what was about to happen, knowing that in the case of a Maori the curse meant certain death, and we did not know how far our missionary was proof against the malignant power of a curse.

All Mr. Hadfield said was: "I am in the keeping of the true God, who will take up my cause. 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.'"

Just then the evening prayer-bell rang, and we Christians assembled for our usual service. While it was proceeding a strange thing happened. Just as the sun was going down, the chief who cursed Mr. Hadfield died suddenly, the blood spouting from his mouth till he expired. As we came forth at the close of the service the air was full of the cries and wailing of the women mourning for the dead man.

The death of this dreaded sorcerer brought about a revulsion of feeling in favour of the new religion. Mr. Hadfield's escape from the effects of the curse, and the fate of the

man who uttered it, were accepted as a proof that the God of the Christians was stronger than the gods of the heathens; and in a short time the majority of Rauparaha's warriors avowed their determination to embrace Christianity, and placed themselves under the missionary's instruction to be prepared for baptism.

When Christianity was finally established in our part of the country, all slaves were set free, and any one who wished to return to his own tribe was allowed to do so. Many of our South Island people were escorted back by the chiefs whom they had served during their captivity.

I remained for some years longer than the rest in the North Island, and continued to help Mr. Hadfield by serving in the capacity of a lay-reader in the village where I lived.

But after the death of my old master, and most of my old friends, I resolved to return to my own tribe, and I came back here about five years ago. On my arrival I was by common consent appointed to the office of lay-reader, and held it till I fell, two years ago, into the sin of which you have been told. Now I am restored to full communion with the Church, I hope to resume under you the work which I have so long neglected, but which God in His mercy has again called me to.

From the time Koro told me the above

story of his past life till the time of his death, twenty-five years afterwards, he continued to be my steadfast and trusted friend. All through those years, poor as he was, he worked without fee or reward as my zealous and devoted helper in the work of the Christ-church Maori Mission.

In spite of his "bodily presence being weak, and his speech contemptible," he influenced for good every one he was brought into contact with, by his intense earnestness and zeal for righteousness. He was uncompromising in his opposition to everything that he thought dishonouring to his Divine Master, and never hesitated to rebuke "without respect of persons" those who broke His commands.

His ideas and opinions about the behaviour of Christians in their daily life, what they ought and what they ought not to do, were, strange to say, almost identical with those of the old Puritans, though he had never heard of their existence, nor seen any of their writings, and had learnt all he knew about Christian doctrine and practice from a man who had no sympathy with Puritanism.

He shared St. Paul's solicitude for the spiritual welfare of his kinsmen after the flesh, and his "care for the Churches," and was ever watchful and ready to serve his brethren. The careless he admonished, the "lapsed" he sought out and tried to recover, and the sick and needy he ministered to.

It was his practice for years to report to me every Saturday night upon the sayings and doings of the people during the past week, in order that I might, if I thought it desirable, make use of what he told me in my sermons the following day.

The more I knew of my eccentric friend, the more I realised the Divine source of that recreating power which dwells in Christian teaching—the recreating power of Divine grace, which, out of any ordinary sinner, can create a new man.

CHAPTER III.

KORO GUARDIAN OF THE MISSION-HOUSE.

WHEN the captive South Islanders were sent back by their Christianised masters to their own part of the country, they preferred to live on Banks Peninsula, partly because they felt safer amidst its hills and forests than on the open plains, and partly because they could not bear the thought of going back to their old homes, which were associated with scenes of slaughter and disaster still fresh in their memories. But when the Canterbury Settlement was formed, ten years after their return, the Maoris felt that their safety was assured, and at the same time they began to realise the advantage of living in closer proximity to the English settlers; and so one family after another removed to the land reserved for them at Kaiapoi by the chiefs who conveyed the rest of the country to the Crown, until at length the majority of the native population was transferred from the peninsula to the plains.

While living on the peninsula the Maoris were visited by Bishop Selwyn in 1842, and they were for many years afterwards depen-

dent upon him for the administration of the sacraments, for which they often had to wait for a long time, as his visits were necessarily few and far between. The only other European missionaries who ministered to the Southern Maoris were the Rev. Mr. Wholers, the devoted Lutheran clergyman who lived on the island of Ruapuke in Foveaux Straits, and the Wesleyan missionaries, who resided at Otago Heads and Waikouaiti. But they were all too far away to be of much service to the natives of Canterbury; and no special provision was made to supply their spiritual wants till the year 1859, when the Synod of Christchurch constituted the "Maori Mission," and a missionary was appointed to take pastoral charge of all Maoris within the diocese.

Bishop Harper convened a great meeting of Maoris which was held at Kaiapoi on September 10th, 1859.¹ Besides the Bishop, who presided, the following Europeans were present: the Rev. H. Jacobs, the Rev. G. Cotterill, the Rev. C. Bowen, the Rev. W. Willock, Mr. Hall, Resident Magistrate of Christchurch, and Mr. Revell, Inspector of Police. I acted as interpreter.

The result of the meeting was that the headquarters of the Mission were fixed at Kaiapoi, and the Maoris allowed me to select twenty acres, anywhere I chose, as a site for the Mission premises.

¹ N.B.—See *Lyttelton Times*, September 17th, 1859.

Knowing how desirable it was to keep the Maoris as far away as possible from public-houses, I chose a site in the middle of their large reserve, hoping that, in time, the people would settle round it. Upon this piece of land a four-roomed cottage was built during the year 1860, and to it, early in the following year, I took my young bride—*née* Miss Jones, of Llynnon in Anglesey—to whom I was married in Auckland by Bishop Selwyn on January 28th, 1861. The situation was most picturesque, being close to the native forest and with a beautiful view of the snowy mountains towards the north-west. But though a beautiful, it proved for many years a most inconvenient and lonely place of residence. The only way of getting to or from it was by muddy tracks, ploughed up by the heavily laden timber-waggons which daily passed over them. They were never quite dry, even in summer, for, wherever a stream crossed the tracks, muddy pools were formed where the water collected. Every time we went to church, or to visit the Maoris, we had to walk through mud, which in places was quite up to our knees.

Tussock-grass, which grew everywhere then as far as the eye could see, waved up to our very door, and nothing broke the force of the east and north-west winds, which during many months of the year whistled round the unprotected angles of our dwelling, and through every keyhole, making the most

doleful and melancholy sounds. The only living creature about us, except wild birds, was the misshapen steed which the Maoris presented to me. This creature felt the want of companionship so much, that at night-time—unless tethered sufficiently far from the house to prevent his doing so—would keep backing up against the front door, seeking to force an entrance. One night he startled us out of our slumbers by his efforts to enter through one of the windows, which he completely destroyed.

At first my dear wife and I enjoyed our lonely life at St. Stephen's. We spent most of our spare time fitting up our cottage with such furniture as we could make out of packing-cases and glazed calico; a piano and a few chairs being the only articles of furniture we brought with us into it.

When I had to visit the Maoris in other parts of the diocese, Mrs. Stack accompanied me, and cheerfully submitted to the trying experiences to which an English guest—and especially a lady—was subjected who at that time accepted Maori hospitality. The very means employed by our kind entertainers to show us how pleased they were to have us with them, and their desire to give us of their best, often added to the difficulties of the situation.

As, for instance, on the occasion when our host, with great ceremony, at the public feast given in our honour, presented us with a

highly prized kelp-bag full of potted mutton-birds, opening it before us, and placing on each of our plates a bird, covered with clotted lumps of congealed fat, which emitted a very peculiar smell, and expected us to eat his choicest viand with zest, and to remark between each mouthful upon its deliciousness. Or when well-meaning persons, who wished us to benefit by their superior knowledge of "white people's ways," became our self-appointed attendants during our stay in any Maori house. Such a person was "Spun-yarn," who had been "cook's mate" on board a whaler. When our hostess put before us a large camp-oven-baked loaf of bread, he said to her, "Oh, that's quite wrong. English people like their bread cut in slices and buttered." And there and then he took up the loaf, and, pulling out the sheath-knife which he wore in his waist-belt, he passed it between his lips, and then rubbed it upon his shirt-sleeve, and proceeded to cut and butter thick slices of bread for us.

The same man undertook to "wash up" our cups and plates after meals, "European fashion"—which meant that he dried them with anything that came to hand, after they had been rinsed in water. Mrs. Stack found him one day busily polishing them up with the leg of a very dirty pair of old moleskin trousers.

When Mrs. Stack could no longer share my itinerating work, we did not at first know

how to secure her protection during my absence from home, which sometimes lasted for weeks together. We kept no indoor servants, and had no near neighbours. On mentioning our difficulty to our friend Koro, he immediately volunteered to take care of "Mother" while I was away; and she very bravely consented to trust herself to his keeping.

On the day of my departure, Koro did not appear at the time agreed upon. And, when darkness set in, my poor wife became much alarmed at being all alone in such an out-of-the-way place, and made up her mind to sit up all night. But about ten o'clock she was startled by a tapping on the window of the room she was sitting in, and by the sound of a man's voice, speaking in Maori. Her fears were all dissipated as soon as she felt sure that it was Koro, and she gladly opened the door and let him in.

He brought with him a bundle of blankets, which he proceeded to spread out on the passage floor, outside Mrs. Stack's bedroom door, and, having obtained from her two whole candles, he persuaded her to retire to rest, promising to keep guard over her all night through. And, true to his word, he spent the night audibly reading his Testament and praying,—in order, as he afterwards explained, that if "Mata" woke, she might know that her guardian was on the alert.

Koro continued to come night after night

till I returned, and on many subsequent occasions when my duties called me away from home he helped us in the same way, in order that I might have no anxiety on my wife's account while away from her, ministering to the spiritual wants of his countrymen.

The fact that a young English lady, to whom everything Maori was comparatively new and strange, could fearlessly trust herself to be alone, night after night, for weeks together, in a house far removed from all human help, with a man who, only twenty years before, was a cruel, pitiless cannibal, who used to hunt human beings, as an English sportsman hunts game, for food, affords satisfactory evidence of the reality of the change wrought by Christianity in the character of the Maoris who accepted its teaching.

In spite of our close intimacy with Koro, and his ignorance of all polite usages, he only once treated either of us with undue familiarity. On that occasion he startled us at daybreak one morning by tapping at our bedroom window, and calling out very loudly, "Shay-msh, Shay-msh, Shay-msh! Get up. I want you." But he never repeated that familiar mode of address after being told that I did not like any one but my wife to address me by my Christian name.

CHAPTER IV.

KORO'S INTEREST IN SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

THE establishment of a boarding-school for boys and girls became our chief concern after our settlement at St. Stephen's; for we were convinced, by what we daily witnessed, that the only way to effect any permanent change for the better in the Maoris was by withdrawing the children from the bad influences which surrounded them in their homes, and placing them where they could be trained to adopt a higher standard of life than that which satisfied their parents.

But the difficulties which beset the carrying out of our purpose seemed for a time insurmountable.

In the first place, our house was far too small to admit of any addition being made to the number of its inmates, and no money could be got to enlarge it.

Few colonists in those days had much spare cash for anything, and the first claim upon what they had was for the support of their own churches and schools. Under such circumstances an appeal for help to the

general public was useless, and we had to confine our applications for assistance to those who openly avowed their sympathy with our special work. To one such sympathiser I was introduced by a sanguine friend, who felt sure I should receive from him a liberal donation; but, after exciting my hopes by exhibiting a lively interest in everything that we were doing, and especially in the proposed boarding-school, he cruelly disappointed them by saying, when I timidly preferred a request for his monetary help: "I make a rule never to give to anything that has not proved to be a success. When you have built your school, and got it into working order, then come to me, and I shall be happy to give you a donation for it."

Help came at last, from an unexpected quarter; the Provincial Council, in response to an appeal made by Bishop Harper, gave us a grant of £250. With that sum, and the gifts of timber made by the Maoris, a suitable building was put up adjoining our house.

Our next difficulty was to secure pupils. We found the parents very unwilling to part with their children, and still more so to pay anything for their schooling.

As the cost of clothing, feeding, and teaching a child exceeded by at least two shillings a week the allowance made for it by the General Government, we were obliged to make up the deficiency; and we fixed the

parents' contribution towards it at one shilling a week.

Innumerable meetings and interminable discussions were held for the purpose of overcoming the parents' objections, and we had to listen patiently to much silly and irritating talk about our motives and methods. One tattooed old chief, who thought he had discovered our secret aims, said :

"Now I know why you have been so anxious to establish a school. It is that you may enrich yourselves. Why, sirs, a shilling a week means two pounds twelve shillings a year. If there are one hundred scholars they would pay £262 to Te Takah."

The old man kept repeating the figures, as if he thought they represented fabulous wealth.

Fortunately, some of the parents had a better understanding of the value of money, and appreciated the advantages that would accrue to themselves by accepting our terms. And so we had the satisfaction at last of seeing the school opened.

The subdivision of the Kaiapoi Native Reserve by the Government, and the allotment of fourteen acres of land to each adult, led the Maoris to remove between 1861 and 1865 from the vicinity of the English township of Kaiapoi to the centre of their reserve, where they built a village of small wooden houses. The settlement of this population in our immediate neighbourhood made us feel

more than ever the want of a church. So we decided to obtain plans for one. But no builder could be found to carry them out for less than £600. How to get so large a sum together we did not know, but we were encouraged to make the attempt when we remembered how we were helped—in spite of our fears—to build the school.

The first contribution to our Church Building Fund came from our friends in England, who sent us £100. To this we were soon able to add a grant of £200 from the General Government, and the remaining portion of the required money was mostly collected by Te Koro. He, with eight other Maori chiefs, consented to canvass the city and neighbourhood of Christchurch for subscriptions, a separate district being assigned to each collector. At the close of the day on which they set out they all returned, with the exception of Koro, to report their want of success; for they had only collected £50 between them.

Koro did not return till late on Saturday night, when he brought back £30. He was very disappointed when he heard how little his companions had obtained, and expressed his determination to go on collecting till sufficient money was got together to build the church. Early on Monday morning he went back to Christchurch, a distance of seventeen miles, on foot. He might have gone by coach, but he could not afford to pay the fare, and refused to spend any portion of

the money collected for a "sacred object" for his own benefit. For his food, while engaged in collecting, he depended upon what hospitable people chose to give him, and for shelter at night he trusted to a friendly stable-keeper, who allowed him to spread his blanket upon the straw in an empty horse-box.

Week after week, in obedience to what he felt was the call of duty, he continued his self-denying task till it was accomplished, and he was able to add the required £200 to the Church Building Fund.

However small the amount received, he always got the giver to enter it in a book which he carried with him. And each day's collection was carefully wrapped up by itself and placed in the folds of a large cotton handkerchief, which he kept for safety tied round his waist.

Every Monday morning Koro used to hand over to me the proceeds of the previous week's collection. This was done by his own request on our verandah, as he "could see better there what he was doing, and was less likely to make a mistake."

It was most amusing to watch the deliberation with which he opened the folded handkerchief he brought with him, and took from it six rag or paper packets, securely bound with string. After a great deal of fumbling (for all his fingers were thumbs) the packets were opened and their contents

counted and compared with the figures in the book.

But it was still more amusing to hear Koro's graphic account of how the contents of each packet were obtained.

I have already described his ungainly figure and peculiar mode of attire,¹ and generally odd and unattractive appearance. With a big stick in one hand, and his collecting-book in the other, he tramped about the country, asking every one he met to give him something for the Maoris' church.

On one occasion, when walking along the Ferry Road, feeling disheartened because so few persons that day had given him anything, he saw a dog-cart approaching. "Aha," he said to himself, "here comes some one who possesses a purse." Planting himself in the centre of the road, he waited till the carriage was close up to him, when he raised both his arms and waved them about wildly, shouting out at the same time: "Hae! Hae!" The gentleman who was driving, thinking him drunk or mad, turned off on to the side path, with the intention of driving past. But

¹ The reason why Koro was so untidy was that he could not rid himself of habits contracted during the time when he was a slave in the North Island.

In heathen times slaves were distinguished from the rest of the population by their shabby clothing and unkempt appearance, and Koro bore this brand of servitude to the end of his days. For, in spite of his restoration to freedom, and his instruction in civilised ways, he always seemed more at home in shabby clothes than in neat ones, and never wore anything else except on Sundays and special occasions.

Koro was too quick for him, and again got in front of his horse's head. To avoid an accident the gentleman pulled up and angrily inquired what he wanted. Koro at once pushed his collecting-book into his hands, saying: "Here, Tsartz, Tsartz."

Fortunately, he had stopped a friend, who, instead of resenting his conduct, rewarded him with two sovereigns.

On another occasion he called at a large house in the suburbs of Christchurch, and, finding the door open, went in, and walked about till he came to a room where two ladies were sitting, and to their astonishment and alarm sat down beside them and presented his collecting-book. A glance at it quieted their fears, for, in addition to the authority to collect, endorsed upon the cover, they recognised among the list of contributors contained in it the signatures of many of their friends. The ladies not only gave him some money, but a good meal, which was served out-of-doors, when, to their surprise, before touching the food he laid aside his hat and said a long grace.

But in his house-to-house canvass Koro did not always get a welcome. A woman, who opened the door of a small house at which he had knocked, on learning his errand, jeered at him, calling him a "black beggar," which made Koro very indignant. "I'm not a beggar," he said—"I am not collecting for myself. I do not ask you to give something

to the black Maoris, but to the great God of Heaven. It is to build a house to His honour. By and by you will die. God will say, 'Why you no give Koro some money for My house at Kaiapoi?' You love God, you go up," pointing with his finger to the sky: "you no love, you go down," pointing downwards.

"Oh, here's a shilling," said the woman; "you're not a bad sort, after all."

Two or three of the neighbours who witnessed what took place expressed their sympathy for Koro, and gave proof of it by giving him something for the Church Fund.

CHAPTER V.

KORO AS CHURCHWARDEN.

THE laying of the foundation stone of our church by the Governor of New Zealand was a memorable event in the history of our Mission, and took place amidst many signs of outward rejoicing.

Gaily decorated arches, each displaying a suitable motto, spanned the approaches to the church site, and flags of all kinds waved from lofty poles planted round it.

The local volunteers in their uniforms, and hundreds of the neighbouring settlers and their families in holiday attire, flocked to the grounds, and added by their presence to the animation of the scene.

When the Governor arrived, a procession was formed, and started for the church site in the following order :

The Rev. J. W. Stack, in surplice and stole.

Eighteen Maori chiefs.

The school children, walking two and two.

The following clergy in their robes :

The Rev. R. Jackson.

„ H. Torlesse.

„ G. J. Cholmondeley.

„ W. W. Willock.

„ B. W. Dudley.

The Very Rev. Dean Jacobs.

His Excellency Sir George Grey, K.C.B.,
Governor of New Zealand, and suite.

His Honour Mr. Sefton Moorhouse,
Superintendent of Canterbury.

The Municipal Councillors of Christ-
church.

The Municipal Councillors of Kaiapoi.

After a service, part of which was rendered in English and part in Maori, the Governor proceeded to lay the foundation stone, which was lowered into its place with the usual ceremonies.

The following memorandum was deposited under it :

This foundation stone was laid by

SIR GEORGE GREY, K.C.B.,

Governor of New Zealand, etc.

on the 9th day of February, in the
year of our Lord, 1867.

HENRY JOHN CHITTY HARPER, D.D., Bishop.

JAMES WEST STACK, Curate.

PITA TE HORI and KORO MAUTAI, Churchwardens.

A. G. PURCHASE, Architect,

HERBERTSON AND BYERS, Builders.

After the Benediction, the procession reformed and returned to St. Stephen's, where

the Governor held an audience with the Maoris before returning to Christchurch.

The Maoris watched the building of their church with the greatest interest, and upon its completion sent representatives from every village in the diocese to be present at the opening ceremony, which was witnessed by almost as many English people as the laying of the foundation stone.

In the absence of the bishop—who was in England—his commissary, the Dean of Christchurch, preached, taking for his text the words of the prophet Micah (iv. 1, 2), “. . . Many nations shall come, and say, Let us go up to the house of the God of Jacob . . .” words which proved to be more appropriate for the occasion than he could possibly have imagined when he chose them; for, besides representatives of six European nationalities, there were present at the service an Indian and a Chinaman from Asia, a Chilian from South America, a negro from Africa, an Australian black, and several South Sea Islanders, all drawn by the same impulse to the House of God.

Our Maori church was the first one built with a spire on the Canterbury plains, and, although it was only fifty feet high, it was for many years a most conspicuous object, as at that time nothing higher than a gorse hedge obstructed the view in any direction. The notice which it attracted pleased the natives, who were gratified by the interest

taken in everything connected with their church by all ranks of their European neighbours, who met them as equals within its walls. It increased the Maoris' self-respect, and made them feel that, since they were treated as civilised people, they ought to behave like them. Their efforts to do so were sometimes rather comical, as, for instance, when the old men and women, who were addicted to rather dirty habits, provided themselves with large pocket handkerchiefs, which each one unfolded and used freely before entering the church for divine service.

In deference to Maori ideas of propriety, men and women sat on opposite sides of the church, and formed one united choir, responding together simultaneously like one great voice, the effect of which was most impressive and inspiring.

It was a positive delight to take part in such hearty services, where every worshipper seemed so devout and attentive.

We Europeans can hardly realise how difficult it was for the old Maoris to conform to our ideas of reverential attitudes during divine service. It was most irksome to them to be obliged to sit quietly on raised seats and to stand and kneel at the appointed times, but, notwithstanding the discomfort it caused them, they adhered strictly to the directions of the Prayer Book, and were always reverent and orderly in their demeanour in church.

Many of the congregation were very poor,

but they always came decently clad, in European fashion, and were surprisingly generous in their gifts at times. Some were too old to provide for themselves the scanty fare on which most of the people at that time subsisted, and were dependent upon the charity of their neighbours for their food (for there were no rents in those days to fall back upon); but, however kindly disposed their neighbours might be, they sometimes forgot to present gifts of food when they were most needed, and it was no uncommon thing for these old people to be left for a day or two without anything to eat. Amongst this aged class of poor Maoris was an old man named Jacob, and his wife, who occupied a small raupo hut, half a mile from St. Stephen's, where they passed their time, either crouching over a few embers on the earthen floor of their dwelling, or sitting with their backs against the outside wall of it sunning themselves.

The old man suffered from chronic ophthalmia—his eyelids were always inflamed, the lower one projecting outwards and the other curling upwards, and preventing the edges of the eyelids from meeting when closed.

They were a cheerful couple, and often entertained me with accounts of the arduous journeys which they took many times in their younger days to the West Coast, in search of greenstone, of which they were well-known

judges and manufacturers. There were no roads, or tracks even, to guide them over the Alpine ranges and through the forests which they had to traverse.

Their practice when climbing the mountains was to follow the barest ridge they could find, and, when going through forests, to follow the streams and rivers flowing through them. The journeys were always tedious and dangerous. For their food they depended almost entirely upon what they could catch. The streams and lakes supplied eels, and the woods, weka, kakapo and other birds.

On reaching the West Coast, they used to search about till they found a lump of greenstone, which they would reduce to a portable size with stone hammers, and then carry it on their backs, by the way they came, to their home on the East Coast. The courage and endurance required for one such journey were so great that only the bravest could be induced to undertake it a second time. And the proof that the old couple once possessed both the required qualities in an extraordinary degree was shown by their having made the journey from East to West no less than five times.

Though Jacob and his wife were regular attendants at morning and evening prayer on Sunday, I could never persuade them to come to the Holy Communion, and it was many months before I discovered the reason.

I was passing the hut one day, when the

old man came out to meet me with a beaming face, and asked me when the next celebration of the Holy Communion would take place.

"I want to come with my wife, for I have got an offering to present to God now [showing me half a sovereign]. I did not like to appear empty-handed before God."

"How did you get the money?" I asked.

"A white man gave it to me yesterday for that black pine-stump," pointing to one near the hut, "which he is going to cut up into firewood."

At the next celebration, old Jacob and his wife came to Communion, and, to make sure of his offering being presented, he brought it up to the rails himself, and placed it in my hands when I received the offertory.

When we remember that the old couple often suffered from hunger and cold, owing to their extreme poverty, it does seem surprising that, when a piece of gold came unexpectedly into their possession, their first thought should be to give it to God, rather than to expend it upon themselves.

Koro proved to be a most efficient churchwarden, and took a very intelligent view of the duties appertaining to his office. He was not content with securing the good behaviour of the people within the church on Sundays, but took equal pains to secure their good behaviour outside the church on weekdays. He was foremost amongst the good men who established and managed the

“runanga,” or village council, which undertook the settlement of all quarrels and disputes between members of the native community, and the supervision of their daily conduct. This useful institution did its work so successfully that it not only put an end to all vexatious litigation in the English Courts between Maori and Maori, but to the necessity of prosecutions for such criminal offences as drunkenness, slander, and seduction, which were of frequent occurrence before the native community subjected themselves to its discipline.

Koro was jealous of the reputation of his race, and did all he could to uphold the honour of the Maori name, which in those early days of the colony was in danger of being discredited by the disputes which were constantly taking place between Europeans and Maoris about their business transactions, each charging the other with dishonesty, when neither of them was really to blame, because neither of them understood the terms of any agreement they made, as they were both ignorant of each other's language.

Koro hailed with joy the appointment of a Government interpreter, whose certificate, that he had explained in the Maori language the contents of an agreement before it was signed, was necessary to its validity, because he felt sure that no reputable Maori would break his word, and that time would prove that when the Maoris understood what they

were doing, there would be no fear of their repudiating their engagements. Nor was he disappointed of this hope, for evidence of an unmistakable kind was forthcoming at the end of sixteen years, to prove the high estimation in which his people were held for their integrity by the English who did business with them.

It came about as follows. A portion of the Kaiapoi Reserve was leased, "for grazing purposes only," to an English settler, for five years, at an annual rental of £50. Before the termination of the lease the grazing value of the land had doubled, and the Maoris awaited with impatience the time when they could profit by it. But they had quite forgotten that when leasing the land, on what at the time were thought to be favourable terms, they had granted the tenant the right of renewal for another period of five years, at the same rental, and when he notified his intention to renew his lease, and they found that they could not increase the rent, they became very angry, and were loud in their denunciation of those members of their community who had signed the lease, and made such a bad bargain.

It was pointed out to the Maoris by interested Europeans who wanted to get hold of the land, that the lease was a valueless document, and could be easily set aside, and possession of the land resumed by the owners, seeing that only eight out of one hundred and

fifty-six of them had signed the lease, and that several of the owners had never been consulted about it all, and did not even know of its existence. But, when the tenant remonstrated, and reminded the Maoris that it would be very unfair to him to repudiate an agreement which they had so long recognised as valid, they resisted the temptation to take advantage of him, and left him in possession; because the majority of the owners knew, from the first, that the lease was not a document of any legal value, but only a memorandum relating to the understanding between them and the person whom they allowed to occupy a portion of their land.

But their sense of fairness and honesty was to be put to a still severer test. The tenant sold his interest after two years to another person, who asked permission to crop the land, promising in return to double the rent, and to expend £300 in fencing. The Maoris agreed to his proposal, but refused his request that they should give their consent in writing. The new tenant fenced and cropped the land, and for the second crop he was offered £1,000 as it stood in the field, together with whatever rights he possessed for the last year of his tenancy. He accepted the offer, and appealed to the Maoris for permission to sell, but they refused to be parties to the transaction. "We shall not disturb you," they said, "till the original grazing lease expires,

as long as you pay the rent which you have agreed to give us."

The purchaser had to borrow the money, but he soon found some one willing to lend what he required, and the two men repaired to the office of a leading firm of lawyers in Christchurch to get the necessary deeds made out. There the borrower was asked what security he had to offer, and all he could show was the original grazing lease, which disallowed any other use being made of the land, and a letter from the Government interpreter, stating that at a meeting of the owners, convened by him, they had promised not to disturb the new occupier.

"But that is no security at all," said the lawyer; "no one would be so foolish as to lend £1,000 upon the security of a promise made by a crowd of men, women, and children. The idea is ridiculous. Think how easily some of them might dispute your right to occupy the land. If it is worth £1,000 to you, it is worth that to the Maoris, and they may not be able to resist the temptation to seize such a prize by resuming possession of their property. As there is no security to offer, no mortgage deed can be drawn."

"But I am quite satisfied," interposed the lender, a shrewd cattle-dealer. "I have transacted business with the Maoris for sixteen years, and have never known one of them to break a promise made to the Government interpreter. I am quite willing to

lend the money, and all I require is a receipt from the borrower, drawn up by you." Mr. Garrick, who was the lawyer employed, expressed the greatest astonishment at the confidence reposed on the integrity and honesty of the Maoris, and said that such a transaction would be impossible amongst Europeans.

Shortly after Koro became churchwarden of St. Stephen's the Maoris took to calling him "the Bishop," because he so magnified his office by the way in which he discharged its duties. The same zealous spirit animated him from first to last, and in whatever kind of Church work he was engaged he always "purchased to himself a good degree."

CHAPTER VI.

KORO SENT ON A MISSION TO THE WEST COAST.

KORO's term of office was brought to an end in a very unexpected way. Some of our natives, who preferred their own simple way of living to that which Europeans were persuading their countrymen to adopt, went to reside on their lands on the West Coast, where, cut off by lofty mountain ranges and forests and rapid rivers from intercourse with the outside world, they hoped to escape from being pestered by Pakeha innovations.

But they were not left long in the enjoyment of their seclusion. Some one found gold in their neighbourhood, and very soon white men and Maoris in search of it began to arrive, in ever-increasing numbers, who at once changed the whole aspect and character of the place. The result was the complete disorganisation of the local Maori community, who, under the influence of the gold craze, imitated amongst themselves the wild revelries of the mining camp. The few who retained their senses, finding their efforts to restore order fruitless, sent a deputation

over to St. Stephen's to ask that an experienced lay-reader might be sent to their assistance.

Koro was unanimously chosen, as being the most suitable man for the post. But, willing as he was to do the work assigned to him, he dreaded the journey of one hundred and seventy miles to the West Coast, which he was now too old and stiff to accomplish on foot, and too poor to do by coach. If he went, it must be on horseback, where he felt himself quite helpless, never having learnt to ride.

After much persuasion, he consented to attempt the journey. To make his seat secure he was placed between two bundles fastened to the back and front of the saddle, and his horse was guided by his friends, George and Simon, who rode on either side of him.

He felt so giddy at starting that he said, "I quite expect to fall off and be drowned in the first rapid river we come to." But his zealous spirit nerved him to encounter the dangers he dreaded, and so he went forward to do what he believed was God's bidding, at his own cost, and without hope or expectation of reward in this life beyond the testimony of an approving conscience. After a toilsome and adventurous journey he safely reached his destination, and at once began the work of reforming the manners of his countrymen, in which he was so successful that in a short time the Maoris became as noted for their

good behaviour as they had before been for their bad. Inspired by his enthusiasm, they built a pretty wooden church, capable of holding a hundred people, which was consecrated shortly after its erection by Bishop Harper. There, daily services were conducted by licensed lay-readers, and the Holy Communion celebrated at regular intervals by Archdeacon Harper, who took the deepest interest in the spiritual welfare of the Maoris, and did all in his power to promote their improvement.

Although Koro was an inmate of the Chief Tainui's house and treated like one of his family during his stay on the West Coast, he was so short of money that he could not procure the most necessary articles of clothing. This was found out in rather an amusing way. The archdeacon paid an unexpected visit on one occasion to the chief's house, and, as he entered it, he saw Koro disappearing round the corner of the building. After waiting some time for the old man to come in, he went out in search of him, and found him standing with his back to the wall and looking very confused.

"Why are you hiding from me?" said the archdeacon.

"Well—because my trousers are in such a ragged state behind, I did not like you to see me till I had patched them."

During Koro's absence on the West Coast the peace of our Native Church was disturbed

by the claim set up by Tamaiharoa—a chief residing in South Canterbury—that he was inspired by God to raise the standard of Christian living by supplementing the teaching of the English clergy, “who did not understand or know how to supply all the spiritual needs of the Maori.”

This man’s novel doctrines and practices became very popular, and were accepted everywhere except at Kaiapoi.

The reason for this was that the old heathen notion that disembodied spirits injured the living who trespassed upon their haunts, still troubled the majority of the people, and kept them in a state of nervous apprehension when moving about the country, and they welcomed the man who came to them in God’s name with the assurance that he could discern the haunts of the spirits of the dead, and disarm them of their power to injure the living.

Another reason for the popularity of the new teaching was the fact that, unconsciously, the Southern Maoris were affected by the currents of thought which were then agitating the minds of their countrymen in the North, where the dreams of a national government and a national religion had to a certain extent been realised.

Hauhauism in the North, and Tamaiharoatism in the South, were attempts to cast the Christian faith in a native mould, and our people approved of the attempt, because it united to Christianity rites and ceremonies

that accorded with their own superstitious ideas and national prejudices. Koro was greatly concerned when he heard what was happening amongst us in Canterbury, and came back at once, to do what he could to dissuade our natives from joining a movement which he denounced as a revival of heathenism.

Several public meetings were held to discuss the question, and finally it was unanimously resolved to prohibit the introduction of Tamaiharoa's teaching into Kaiapoi, and we were never afterwards troubled by it there.

Having accomplished what he came for, Koro returned to the West Coast, where he was preparing a number of candidates for confirmation, the terrors of the journey having been removed by his friend Simon, who had purchased with part of the proceeds of his successful labours on the goldfield an old coach and team of horses to bring him over the ranges and take him back.

After Koro finished his mission-work on the West Coast and came back to St. Stephen's, he had the satisfaction of witnessing the baptism of an old chief named Muru, in whose spiritual welfare he had for many years taken the deepest interest.

Muru was the only man of rank amongst the Canterbury Maoris who refused to forsake the "old ways" when the rest of his people embraced Christianity and adopted civilised dress and manner of living. He clung to

his heathen creed, to which he attributed his continued health, and to his picturesque native costume, which he said he would never exchange for garments which hampered the movements of his limbs.

According to Maori calculations Muru was more than a hundred years old when he was baptized. Grey-headed men testified that he was an old man when their own fathers were still young. But there was nothing in the old man's appearance to indicate any failure of bodily powers. His muscular limbs were perfect models of strength. His step was firm and his sight strong, and he took his part in everything that younger men were interested in.

In the course of his long life he had acquired a great reputation for courage and skill as a warrior, and for the possession of magical powers and second sight.

Though the advent of the "white man" put an end to his warlike calling, it left him at liberty to pursue the peaceful one of seer, which his countrymen often got him to exercise on their behalf.

However it may be accounted for, the old man certainly possessed some mysterious gift, which enabled him to solve satisfactorily many of the puzzling questions which were put to him. His practice after being consulted was to seek sleep, during which the answer, he said, was revealed to him by his "familiar spirit."

One of my native friends possessed a valuable greenstone ornament, which was lost by one of his children. After searching in vain for it, he consulted Te Muru, who lived thirty miles away, who, after sleeping over the matter, told him that in a dream he had seen the lost ornament in a clump of flax-bushes not far from my friend's house. He returned, and went to the place indicated, and there found his lost treasure.

Te Muru's home at Port Levy afforded a standing object-lesson to passers-by of the uncleanness fostered by heathenism amongst the Maoris. His house was surrounded by a fence of sharp-pointed stakes, upon which were hung bits of rope, old fishing-nets, baskets, mats, and a ghastly array of fish and animal skeletons, shreds of red and blue blankets and every variety of rags—for here all worn-out garments had for years been hung up. Heaps of shells and discarded cooking utensils lay around the enclosure, and added to its untidy appearance.

The reason why this disgusting assortment of rubbish was preserved was to prevent persons going near the place touching anything that had ever come into contact with Te Muru's body, which was sacred, being the abode of spirits, who would punish any interference with what belonged to them.

Te Muru's appearance when at home was quite in keeping with his weird surroundings. He was generally to be seen at all hours of

the day reclining under a tree which grew near his "ware," enveloped in a mat or red blanket, or, if the weather was warm, stretched out at full length without any clothing on. When any one approached near to him, he sat up, and rested his chin upon his knees before returning their salutations in his deep bass voice. His great mop of grisly grey hair was tinged with red ochre, and his face smeared with the same colouring matter, which rendered him rather a fearsome object to look upon.

When his wife died, Muru removed to Kaiapoi, to be near his eldest son, who built a small raupo hut for him near his own weather-board dwelling, where the old man lived comfortably as long as he could procure his own food. But sickness overtook him at last, and then he suffered much privation, for nobody dared to go near his sacred person to minister to his needs. The food daily supplied by his son was put down before his hut, but never taken into it.

During one of my visits to the old man I noticed that his finger and toe nails were curving round and growing into the flesh. He said he could no longer trim them himself, and nobody else would, and he gratefully accepted my offer to perform the operation, which proved more difficult than I anticipated, owing to the abnormal thickness of his filbert-shaped nails. When I had finished, Muru collected all the parings and buried them in

a hole which he scooped in the clay floor of his hut, fearing to leave the smallest bit lying about, lest an enemy should get hold of it and bewitch him.

After the old man took up his residence at Kaiapoi, Koro and other Christian friends tried to induce him to go to church, but without success. Some vague fear that he would endanger his life by doing so kept him back. Though he freely conversed about the Christian faith, and was quite familiar with its doctrines, and joined in open-air services, he was afraid to enter "God's house."

His idea was that if he entered a church he would lose his magical powers, and, not being a baptized Christian, the Christian God would not protect him from the malice of those evil spirits over whom he had lost control.

Several times towards the end of his life he expressed a wish to be baptized, but he was kept back by the fear of committing sin after baptism, and so increasing God's anger against him—not committing sin in the Christian sense, but in the Maori sense of the word, by transgressing, unknowingly, some ceremonial rule, and so falling a victim to his ignorance.

After being under special instruction for a year, Muru's objection to enter the Church was overcome, and it was arranged that his baptism should take place on Easter Sunday, 1873. But when the time arrived he was

found to be too infirm to attend the service, without disturbing the gravity of the congregation. So the baptism was held in his son's house, to which place the whole congregation marched in procession after the morning service on Easter Sunday. Everything had been cleared out of the front room, where we found Te Muru seated on a new mattress placed in the middle of the floor. And a very striking picture he presented, with his long white hair and beard, and pure white garments—no colour to relieve the whiteness, save the brown intelligent face that watched with eager interest all our movements.

After placing his sponsors and immediate relations around him I proceeded with the Baptismal Service. The adjoining rooms and the front of the house were crowded with interested spectators, who preserved silence during the service. The old man, who was labouring under considerable emotion the whole time, responded in a clear voice to the questions put to him, and received the name of Ezra, which was the name chosen for him by his sons. When the baptism was over, every one came and shook hands with him and congratulated him upon his reception into the Christian Church.

A few months later Bishop Harper, after holding a confirmation at St. Stephen's Church, proceeded in company with the persons he had just confirmed, to Ezra's house, and con-

firmed him ; and on the following Sunday he made his first communion, an event which caused great joy, not only to himself, but to all those who had been in any way instrumental in bringing him into the Fold of Christ. Te Muru did not long survive the change in his habits of life, necessitated by his advancing years, and died within twelve months of his baptism. His death severed the last link with the generation of Maoris who, in the eighteenth century, welcomed the first English whalers who settled on the South Coast of New Zealand.

CHAPTER VII.

KORO AS A VISITOR OF THE SICK.

KORO was a diligent visitor of the sick—a service which amongst Maoris was beset with peculiar difficulties, which prevented any but the most earnest Christians amongst them from undertaking it. The visitor never knew how his words might be interpreted, and was always troubled by the fear that words intended to comfort the sufferer, and aid recovery, might on the contrary inspire fear, and cause death.

When weakened by disease, the old heathen belief in omens generally reasserted itself, and the sick Maori would listen intently to every utterance of the Christian minister, to find out whether he was to recover or not. And it sometimes happened that the very words of Holy Scripture chosen to comfort the sufferer proved to be his death-warrant, because some mystic word or phrase had occurred in the passage read which in olden time indicated a fatal termination.

The common belief that all diseases were caused by malignant spirits made the Maoris

rely far more upon the spiritual ministrations of the clergy for healing than upon the remedies prescribed by doctors. And, whenever the combined efforts of both physicians failed to effect a cure, the "weak-kneed" amongst them would secretly try the efficacy of some heathen charm or incantation.

It was only when ministering by the bedside of a little child, or of an adult who possessed a child-like spirit of trust in God, that the sick-visitor could ever feel confident that he was giving pleasure and doing good to the patient.

The following account of what took place during various interviews held with sick people will serve to illustrate some of the special difficulties to which reference has just been made.

I.

Reuben was on a visit to his widowed sister at Port Levy when I called to see him, and heard from his own lips the strange story of his encounter with his brother-in-law's ghost, who tried, with the assistance of another spirit, to strangle him.

Reuben was so unlike other Maoris in looks, dress, and general bearing when he was well, that I was prepared to hear something strange about his experiences when he was sick.

His face was disfigured by a white swelling, which covered the pupil of his right eye, and

caused it to project in a most unsightly manner, and in order to conceal this blemish he allowed his hair to fall over his eyebrows. When out-of-doors, he wore a broad-brimmed "wide-awake," which for some reason was always greasy and dirty.

His clothes were the most misshapen and tattered garments that he could procure, and if by chance he happened to have a new garment on, or one in a tolerable state of preservation, he took care to put over it the ragged remains of a waterproof or overcoat. I often wondered why the man displayed such a partiality for rags and dirt, and could only account for it by the fact that he was a son of the celebrated soreerer Te Muru, and the only one of them who inherited the father's talent for dabbling in the "black art!"

Reuben's appearance on a sick-bed was certainly more prepossessing than his appearance when in health, for his brown skin presented something more pleasing to look at than the ragged clothes in which he was usually seen.

I found him lying on a mat by the fireplace in his brother William's house, to which he had been removed at the beginning of his illness.

He was looking very weak, and could hardly speak above a whisper. After we had interchanged greetings he sat up, and leant back against the wall and said:

“I want to tell you about my illness; it is not of the kind we suffer from in common with white people—it is something peculiar to Maoris.

“You will remember that, when you last saw me here, I was in perfect health, and so I continued to be for some weeks after you went away. But about a fortnight ago, shortly after midnight, I had a terrible encounter with the ghost of Abel, my late brother-in-law, who was accompanied by the ghost of my cousin Bennett, who died at Rapaki some years ago. These two spirits appeared at my bedside and fell upon me as I slept, and tried to throttle me. I struggled and wrestled with them all over the floor in my efforts to get free. But they had got such a desperate grip on my throat, that I could not release myself from them. I knew that my only chance of escape from death at their hands was to get out of the house, for it was there Abel died a year ago, and it was evident that his spirit still haunted the spot. I made violent efforts to reach the door and burst it open, and at last I succeeded. And as soon as I rolled out into the open air the spirits released their hold upon my throat, and I breathed freely once more. I knew then that I had escaped.

“But when my soul came back into my body I found that I was still in Abel’s house, and my wife and my sister and all my friends were seated round me, and Simon the catechist

was reading from his Prayer Book, and about to commend my soul to God; but I stopped him, for I knew that I had won the struggle against the spirits who tried to take my life, and I said, 'Take me out of this house, for it is the spirit who dwells here who desires to injure me.' Simon closed his Prayer Book and said, 'Yes, we will do what you ask.' So they lifted up the mats on which I was lying and carried me outside, and brought me here. But, before I got here, I fainted. I do not know how long I was insensible—my friends tell me for many hours—but during that faint I had a vision, in which I saw the Rev. Te Koti, Wesleyan Minister at Rapaki, and the Rev. Samuel Williams, who came to preach to us at St. Stephen's during the last General Synod. I saw these two ministers standing beside me.

"Te Koti held an empty wineglass in his hand; this I saw Mr. Williams take from him and pour some liquid into. Both the look and smell of the liquid were revolting to me, and, when he held it to my lips, I refused to drink it. Then I heard him say:

"'If you take this, your days will be prolonged, but if not they will be shortened.'

"Then I swallowed the contents of the wineglass, and, on waking up, found myself here in this house. I told the vision to my wife and sister, but it did not stop their weeping, for they said I must die, as I had eaten nothing for ten days. Presently Simon

came to see me, and I told him the vision, and he comforted me, and said my vision was a good one; although I could not eat ordinary food, I might still gain strength by feeding my spirit upon the words of God, brought to me by His ministers.

“And what do you think—shall I live or shall I die?”

To have told the man bluntly that he was the victim of nightmare or indigestion, and only required a dose of medicine to cure him, would have killed him. His only chance of recovery was to get rid of the fears which oppressed him regarding the spirits who tried to take his life. And so I said all I could to strengthen his conviction that, in his encounter with them, he had gained a final victory, and that I agreed with Simon that God had indicated to him that he would live.

The sick man brightened up at once as soon as I had spoken, and said, “Now I will explain to you how it was I incurred the enmity of the two spirits.

“It was all owing to my sister Rachel; she was the cause of all the ill-will manifested by her late husband towards me.

“Rachel went to Rapaki to take part in the mourning for her husband's cousin, and brought back a great coat belonging to him, and emptied the pockets, and placed their contents on a shelf, where long afterwards I found a piece of tobacco, and, not knowing that it once belonged to a dead man, I cut

it up and put it into my pipe and smoked it. This was my offence. Bennett's spirit resented my appropriating his tobacco, and got Abel to help him punish me for taking it."

Having relieved his mind by this statement, and his confidence in the efficacy of Christian prayer being restored, Reuben rapidly improved in health, and in a short time was quite well again.

II.

Another typical case was that of an old chief at Wainui, who was said to be suffering from a Maori disease caused by the "pinches of an evil spirit," which produced running ulcers all over the body.

On reaching his house I found it deserted, which was a sure indication that he dreaded a fatal termination to his illness—for Maoris always tried to avoid dying in a permanent dwelling, for fear it should afterwards get the reputation of being haunted. On looking round, I saw a tent a short way off, and, going to it, I found old "Bowline" crouching in a corner beside a small fire, and squatting close to him were four half-naked children between three and eight years of age.

The old man welcomed me very warmly, and in answer to my inquiries said:

"I have just returned from the gates of the 'Underworld.' A few days ago I felt that I was dying. I had not taken food for some

days, and the discharge from my sores was very great. I was sinking fast from weakness. While I was hovering between life and death, my eyes caught sight of my little motherless children, seated on the ground around me, and I thought how desolate their condition would be, if left alone in the world.

“So I lifted up my heart to God and prayed Him to give me back my life, and He granted my prayer, for I felt at once a desire for food. I heard the ducks quacking outside, and thought it a sign of what was best suited for me to eat. So I told my little girl to call her cousin Charles, and ask him to kill and prepare one for me. He did so, and after awhile brought me the roasted duck; but I could not eat it. Then Charles, thinking chicken broth would be better for me, without saying a word, went off and prepared some with leeks and brought it to me, and when I smelt the savoury odour of the broth, I felt a desire for it, and I sat up and made a good meal; and from that time I have been getting stronger and better, and I feel sure now that I shall soon be quite healed of my disease.

“It is not one of your imported European diseases, but a real Maori disease, brought on by my own folly. It was caused in this way. I had an ordinary boil, and when I removed the matter from it I threw the rag with which I cleansed it upon the kitchen fire, and

afterwards cooked food for myself upon the same fire. It was a wrong thing to do, according to the teaching of our ancestors, and I was punished for it by ulcers breaking out all over my body. No remedy I tried availed to heal me, neither English doctors' medicines nor Maori remedies—all failed. It was our God who gave me back my life, out of pity for my little children. He delivered me from the old heathen gods of this country, who were trying to regain their power over me, because I was not serving the true God as faithfully as I ought to have done."

This poor man had passed through many weeks of suffering, with nothing but a thin calico tent to protect him from the severity of the weather during the coldest months of winter, and nothing between his body and the damp ground but a piece of thin matting and nothing to cover him but one old blanket, and no one to wait upon him but his half-starved little children. But, though upwards of seventy years of age, he made a good recovery and lived for many years afterwards.

III.

How sensitive Maoris are to mental impressions, and how fatal they may prove, is seen by the fact that death results from the use of words in the "Visitation of the Sick," which the sufferer thinks forbid recovery.

A young half-caste woman, brought up

from infancy in a Christian family, fell ill. She had nothing very seriously the matter with her, and I had no doubt that in a few days she would be perfectly well.

I had occasion to go away from the place for a week, and on my return I was surprised to find the young woman in a dying state. She had refused food for several days, and continued to moan out, "I am ruined, I am dying."

On inquiry I found that during my absence Koro had visited her daily, and on one occasion, instead of making the usual selection of prayers, he read the whole of the Visitation Service, including the prayer commending the dying soul to God.

It was this which had terrified the poor young woman. She believed that the Christian minister, instead of bringing her back to life, had dismissed her from it. All efforts to reassure her were unavailing, and she died denouncing the folly of the old man who had made the fatal blunder.

In another case I read the 46th Psalm to a sick chief, who was suffering from some very slight ailment, and shortly afterwards heard of his death. On expressing my surprise, his friends remarked: "How could it be otherwise? He told us himself that you had given him up, for you read out of God's Word 'that the mountains would be removed.' " The "removal of a mountain" meant the destruction of a chief, when the expression

was used in a religious rite in ancient times ; and the man, though a Christian, could not in his weakened condition disabuse his mind of the heathen ideas associated with the expression, and they proved fatal to him.

IV.

The Maoris were firm believers in the efficacy of prayers for the sick, whether employed to prolong life, or to shorten suffering.

I can never forget the touching appeal once made to me to entreat God to take the life of a little child who had been severely scalded.

The mother was a delicate, half-caste woman, who was often too ill to move. And this little girl of eight years of age was her only child. The father was often away from home working on some distant sheep-station. During his absence the poor woman had no one but her little daughter to wait upon her.

The child was delicately formed and remarkably pretty, and devotedly attached to her mother, and we became great friends. She evidently put great faith in my ministrations, and always welcomed my approach to her mother's bedside, and behaved most devoutly while I read and prayed with her.

I was shocked one day to hear that my little friend had met with a terrible accident. She was lifting a large iron pot of boiling water

off the fire when it fell over her, scalding the greater part of her body. I hurried to the house and found the little girl wrapped up in a large flour-bag and in great pain. Her father was fortunately within call when the accident happened, having come home for Sunday, and he carried out most carefully the doctor's instructions.

I visited the child day after day, and tried to cheer and encourage her. She always greeted me with a bright smile, and watched my every movement with her sparkling black eyes, but as the days passed she grew weaker and weaker, owing to the copious discharge from the scalded parts of her body, and, though she made no complaints, she evidently suffered great pain when her wounds were dressed.

About ten days after the accident the father came to me in sore distress, having been sent by the child to bid me come and release her from her sufferings, which had become unendurable.

"It is you who have kept her alive so long by your prayers," the father said, "and she does not wish to be detained any longer in this world, and she implores you to let her go."

I went at once with the poor man, and found the child moaning piteously. She looked earnestly at me as I knelt beside her, and said: "Oh, let me go! Let me go!"

I told her that all we wished on her behalf was that God's will might be done, and that I would ask Him, if it was His will, to release her at once from her sufferings.

She smiled so sweetly in response to my words, and, as I prayed, sank into a peaceful sleep, from which she never woke.

CHAPTER VIII.

KORO AS A WELCOME GUEST.

IN 1871 the mission-house and boarding-school at St. Stephen's were destroyed by fire, and were never rebuilt, owing to the want of money. Temporary arrangements were made at the time for the housing of our pupils, but ultimately the boarding-school was given up, and a Government day-school substituted for it.

No accommodation for my family being available in the neighbourhood, we had, after several moves, to fix our residence in Christchurch, where I was often visited by Koro, after he returned to Kaiapoi and resumed his duties there as a lay-reader.

His memorable journey to the West Coast had cured his dislike to mount a horse, and, though he seldom went out of a walking pace, he did not object to ride.

His usual practice when coming to see me was to start from home at three o'clock in the morning, but he went along so slowly that it took him six or seven hours to ride the seventeen miles between St. Stephen's and

Christchurch. On reaching my house he would put his pony into our back-yard, and then come to my study—which was detached from the dwelling-house—and, after we had exchanged greetings, he would sit silently watching me for some minutes, to ascertain whether I was busy or not. If he saw I was, he would say: “I have come to have a long talk with you about many matters, but I shall wait till the evening, when you will have more leisure; in the meantime write on, but keep your ears open and listen to anything I may say while you are writing.”

His visits were always welcomed by my children, who were sure of plenty of fun with the good-tempered old man, who thoroughly enjoyed a joke, and delighted to amuse them. It was Koro's special privilege to be allowed to stop over-night whenever he came to see us. Whatever season of the year it might be, a fire was lighted in my study for his benefit and a “shakedown” spread in front of it, where he could recline at his ease, Maori fashion.

My eldest boy undertook to wait upon him, and his attentions were always gratefully acknowledged.

“Oh, Pran-ker,” he would exclaim, “you perry koot poy. You maker tee pire por oro mar-nee; koot poy, Pran-ker!”

His hands were too shaky to allow of his using a knife and fork, and his food had to be served in a bowl. He was so proud of his

anglicised taste for pepper that he always asked for it, whatever food was being given to him, and, if the boys played tricks with the pepper-pot when helping him, and gave him an over-supply, he always took the joke in good part, and would purposely provoke their laughter by the grimaces he made.

He delighted to get young people round him at night, when in response to their united request, "Sing us a war-song, Koro," he would raise his cracked old voice in loud and defiant tones till he got sufficiently excited to show his juvenile audience how the Maori warriors defied their enemies, and then he would turn back his eyelids, protrude his tongue, press his arms against his chest, and move his hands about with the greatest rapidity, twisting his body about all the time, as if it were boneless.

Koro's departure was always watched by a small crowd of amused spectators, whose attention was arrested by seeing such an odd-looking pony and odd-looking man issuing from our gate.

The pony attracted notice on account of its fatness and unkempt appearance, neither the mane, tail, nor hoofs having ever been trimmed or attended to since the animal was foaled; and its owner on account of his very unconventional mode of dressing himself. To the onlooker he seemed to be possessed with a mania for tying knots, for every garment he wore was tied somewhere with string, and,

before attempting to mount the pony, he seemed bent on tying as many knots as he possibly could in his girths and stirrup-leathers and bridle.

In his clumsy efforts to get into the saddle, he often turned it completely round, and rarely succeeded in mounting without help.

On one occasion my boys, who came in just as he was starting, offered to assist him by placing a chair for him to mount from; but the pony no sooner felt his weight suddenly plumped upon its back than it spread out all its four legs, curved its back inwards, and so disturbed poor Koro's balance that he fell over, all of a heap, on to the ground. But his young friends soon righted his position, and got him safely seated in the saddle, and so spared him the humiliation of publicly displaying his bad horsemanship.

When the Maoris first settled near St. Stephen's, they were content to live in any sort of shelter they could put up, and their village was just a collection of raupo huts and rough wooden shanties; but, about the year 1876, it became the fashion amongst them to improve their dwellings, both inside and out, and to make them more like those of their English neighbours. Koro, like the rest, wished to build a new house, and sought my advice in the matter. He was then living in a raupo hut, about twelve feet square and eight feet high, which was very warm and cosy, and a much more suitable dwelling, I

thought, for an old-fashioned Maori than the draughty wooden building he wanted to exchange for it. But nothing I said in disparagement of his scheme could dissuade him from trying to carry it out.

When we came to discuss the "ways and means" of effecting it, the small amount of money which he possessed seemed to make it impossible. He had only £40 in hand, and could add nothing to that amount from his only source of income, which was derived from the rental of a small piece of land that brought him in about ten shillings a week. But nothing could deter him from making the attempt to gain his object, and he proceeded to interview all the builders in the Christchurch district, hoping to induce one of them to put up a dwelling-house for £40; but, as he insisted that it should contain what he called a "parlour-room," as well as a bedroom with a fireplace in it, and that the building should be matchlined throughout, and varnished and painted, he could never come to terms with any of them, and had to content himself at last with such a house as he could get put up by a journeyman carpenter for the money. But he never took kindly to his new abode, which he always spoke of in contemptuous terms as "that white man's dog-kennel."

An amusing incident occurred in connection with the last payment made to the carpenter, who had agreed to allow £6 to remain unpaid for six weeks, by which time it would be

known whether the house was rain-proof or not. At the expiration of that period Koro, being satisfied upon the point, went to pay the money to the carpenter, who lived five miles away. But, on reaching his house, he was told that he had got a job up the country and would not return for some time. Koro took the money back, and, to ensure its safety, buried it in his garden. When the carpenter appeared three months afterwards to claim the money, Koro refused to pay him until he had received three months' interest.

He said: "If my store account is not paid when it becomes due, I have to pay interest, as long as it remains unpaid. Why may I not charge interest for money I had waiting in my keeping for a person who does not come to fetch it when it is due? Who is to pay me for my trouble in taking care of your six pounds for three months?"

How long the dispute would have lasted it is hard to say, had not the suggestion been accepted that, instead of paying interest, the carpenter should there and then do without charge some little job that was wanted in the house.

Shortly after his new house was completed Koro met with an accident which destroyed his left eye. He was chopping wood for his fire, when a large splinter struck the eyeball and caused him such intense pain that he was obliged to seek medical aid at the Christchurch hospital, where he remained under

treatment for many weeks. When he came out, he was free from pain, but his eye was sightless and covered with a white film, which rather spoilt his expression.

Whether owing to the shock caused by the injury to his eye, or to advancing age, Koro from this time forward began to decline in health, and was often seriously ill; but his interest in the spiritual welfare of his countrymen never flagged; he was ready up to the very last day of his life to "spend and be spent" in their service.

CHAPTER IX.

KORO'S MISSION OF RECONCILIATION.

IN 1877 the Maoris of Port Levy, who were amongst the first to embrace Tamaiharoa's teaching, expressed a desire to renounce it, and to be restored to full communion with our Church, and several of them expressed a wish to be confirmed. I knew no one better fitted to prepare them than my old friend Koro, who, when asked to do so, readily undertook the work.

In order to make the journey easy for him, it was arranged that he should travel by rail from Kaiapoi to Lyttelton, and that the natives should meet him there with a boat to take him on to his destination. But, owing to rough weather, no boat met him when he reached Lyttelton. After waiting for some days, there being no improvement in the weather, he crossed the harbour to Purau, and walked over the hills, carrying on his back rather a heavy load of baggage, and surprised the Port Levy people, who never imagined that he was capable at his age of doing what he had done.

He was heartily welcomed and hospitably entertained by the Chief Pera, with whom he remained as a guest during the whole of his stay on the peninsula.

Twenty persons joined his class for Confirmation candidates, who kept him busily engaged, till a circumstance occurred which interrupted for a time his course of instruction. Koro had noticed that the enclosure round the church was very much overgrown with weeds, and he set to work, soon after his arrival, to clear them away. While doing so he passed repeatedly the site of a hut, formerly occupied by an old man, who died there. In placing some large stones to form a step at the door of the church, Koro sprained his hand, which swelled up immediately and caused him great pain. As the inflammation did not yield to any of the remedies he applied, the people of the place began to whisper amongst themselves that Koro must have been bitten by an evil spirit; that, while clearing the rubbish from the churchyard, he must have disturbed the haunt of some disembodied spirit, who in revenge had entered his hand. At last his hostess made bold to tell him what the people were saying.

Koro pooh-poohed the notion; but three weeks of pain and low diet began to tell upon his nerves, and he decided to go to Christchurch and seek advice. There he was relieved to find that the application of a few linseed poultices and other simple remedies

soon reduced the inflammation, and he went home to Kaiapoi till the cure was completed. When he felt strong enough to return to Port Levy he expressed his intention to do so. His friends, who saw how ill he was looking, remonstrated with him, and said: "You will die on the road; you are not strong enough to go." His reply was: "I would rather death overtook me on the road while doing God's work than while sitting idle in my house."

He did go back, in spite of his friends' remonstrances, and resumed the work of preparing the candidates for confirmation, and continued it till he was satisfied that they were ready to present for examination.

When all arrangements were completed, Bishop Harper made a special visit to Port Levy, being accompanied by Archdeacon Cholmondeley, the Rev. George Mutu, Mr. Wills, and myself. The Maoris had decorated the church with flowers and evergreens, and their houses with flags, to mark their appreciation of the importance of the events which were to take place that day.

After the Confirmation service, which was most solemn and impressive, the bishop and his party were entertained in the chief's house, while the Maoris were all feasted outside. After complimentary speeches had been exchanged between the bishop and our entertainers we took our departure, and as our boat left the shore for the steamer in which we were to return to Lyttelton, the Maoris

cheered lustily, and continued to do so till we were out of hearing. Te Koro was conspicuous amongst the crowd by his violent gesticulations—he kept leaping up and down, and throwing his arms about in the most frantic manner. He told me afterwards that he could not control his feelings of thankfulness that God had permitted him to see the realisation of his hopes, and an end put to the estrangement of his beloved Port Levy, by the visit of the bishop. He felt that he must “leap for joy.”

It is an interesting fact that David the Hebrew king and Koro the Maori catechist adopted the same way of expressing the emotion of spiritual joy—“they leapt and danced before the Lord.”

My removal from Christchurch to Banks Peninsula in 1881 put a stop to Koro's friendly visits, for his increasing age and infirmities made it impossible for him to travel as far as our new abode. But I always saw him when I paid my quarterly visits to Kaiapoi, and found him, on most of those occasions, in a very unhappy state of mind, fretting about the growing deterioration of the younger Maoris, who, in spite of their Christian upbringing, were not maintaining the reputation for integrity which their fathers had before them.

This was forced more particularly upon his attention by the fact that, whenever a lay-reader died of late years in any part of the

diocese, no one could be found amongst the younger Maoris whose stability of character fitted him to occupy the vacant office.

The first generation of lay-readers belonged to that special class of converts—who were numerous at first in the native Church—who, on becoming Christians, found in the purer precepts of their new faith those laws of righteousness which they had dimly perceived and striven to follow when they were heathens, and which they cheerfully obeyed when they became Christians.

A good representative of the class was found in Charley Wi Teihoka, the senior lay-reader at Kaiapoi, who died in 1886. He had maintained an unblemished character for thirty years before his decease, and set a bright example of Christian conduct. Though exposed all the time to evil influences which wrecked the characters of weaker men, he never lost his refinement of manner, or lowered his standard of life.

Though a chief, he was compelled by want of money to work for hire, that he might have enough to pay the ever-increasing demands made upon his purse by conformity to civilised ways. Whether employed in the bush or the harvest-field or the shearers' shed, he always won the respect and good-will of his employers.

How he impressed them may be gathered from the terms in which he is spoken of in a letter of condolence addressed by a well-

known and highly respected English settler¹ to his brother William :

The sad news that has reached me of the death of your dear wife and brother has filled me with sorrow, and brought to my mind the many years of friendship and intercourse I have had with them and you.

I wish to take this opportunity of saying how deeply I respect the dead, having known you all intimately for over thirty years ; how true and honourable I have found you all in many dealings ; and how much pleasure it gave me to be able to reckon such worthy people amongst my friends.

It seemed to Koro an insoluble mystery that men like Tare and himself, whose youth was passed amidst the horrors of cannibalism and under the dark shadow of degrading superstition, should possess far more strength of character, far more refinement of feeling, far clearer views of right and wrong than those who had been brought up all their lives in the midst of English civilisation, and in close contact with the elevating and enlightening influences of the Christian faith.

And yet the reason was apparent enough. When the cannibal became a Christian, there was no fear of his mistaking the boundary line between heathen life and Christian life, between heathen notions of right and wrong and Christian notions ; there was a sharp and clearly defined line between them. He saw the perfect law pointed out to him by his English teacher in the New Testament, and he did his best to conform to it, and he was

¹ Isaac Wilson, J.P., M.P.

encouraged to do so by the example of all who bore the Christian name around him. And his habits of Christian thought and conduct were not warped and confused by the example of nominal and indifferent Christians. And, when after a time he was brought into contact with such persons, his good principles were too strong and well formed to be much injured by them.

But it was far otherwise with the Maori born and brought up in a nominally Christian community, consisting of persons of a superior race to his own, persons whose example he felt impelled to copy. He was bewildered by the varying standards of conduct presented by those around him. The line which his father and the first converts from heathenism always kept in sight had vanished, and right and wrong were mixed up together in inextricable confusion.

And so, in spite of schools and religious instruction, the young Maoris, both male and female, failed to display the same moral discernment as their elders, or to exercise the same power of self-restraint.

Knowledge of the English language had exposed the younger Maoris to new forms of temptation which their fathers' ignorance protected them from. It caused them to discontinue the practice of meeting together for daily morning and evening prayer when away from home carrying out some harvesting or shearing contract—because their European

fellow workmen expressed disapproval of the practice.

But, worst of all, it often happened that when the lads came back their mouths were full of vile language, and their minds full of evil knowledge imparted to them by their English fellow workmen; and, having lost their own belief in the Christian faith, they ridiculed those who still clung to it.

But the crowning cause of Koro's sadness of heart was the pitiful downfall of George the deacon, whose ordination on Trinity Sunday 1872 had filled our hearts with so much joy and hope. For the first few years of his ministry, all went well. But gradually George lost touch with the older Maoris. Conscious of being on a higher intellectual plane than they moved in, he was, unfortunately, unconscious of the fact that he lacked their strength of moral character, and so he grew heedless of their advice, and ventured, on the strength of his superior intellectual endowments, to encounter temptations which proved too strong for him. If he had not been exposed to exceptional dangers, he might have "endured to the end, and finished his course with joy."

CHAPTER X.

KORO'S LAST COMMUNION.

BEFORE my departure for England in August, 1883, I had a very touching interview with Koro. He had expressed a wish to receive the Holy Communion from me, and I made arrangements for a private celebration on the morning of the day I went to St. Stephen's, to say good-bye to my Maori friends. Everything was in readiness for the service when I got to the house, where a few intimate friends had assembled at his request, to communicate with him.

His little "parlour-room" was covered with new flax mats—and on a mattress placed in one corner Koro sat, wrapped up in clean blankets, looking so pallid that he might have been mistaken for a half-caste.

He was much affected during the service, and so were all present, for all alike realised that this would be our last communion together on earth.

We conversed together for some time after the service was over, and when I rose to go, and put out my hand to take his, he said :

"I know that some of our friends are going to give you a small purse to help you and 'Mother' to pay the cost of your voyage to England. Here is my 'mite' towards it," putting a pound note into my hand.

"My dear friend," I said, "you are too poor to give me so much. It is enough that you have put it into my hand. It is mine now, and I know your necessities. Let me return this money to you to meet your own wants."

"No, no!" he said. "Do not treat me so unkindly. Oh, what can I do, what can I give you more, to show my love for you! Oh that I had a gift worthy of our long friendship." Sobbing with suppressed emotion, he put his hand into his bosom and drew out a brown-paper packet. "Take that," he said; "it is all I have to give you, O my father! my teacher! my protector! Value it and keep it for my sake."

I took the packet and gave my dear friend a farewell grasp of the hand.

On reaching home I was curious to know what the packet contained.

It was just a collection of child's "treasures." There were a few worthless bits of greenstone, a shark's-tooth earring, an old albert watchguard, and sundry trinkets of no intrinsic value. But I would not exchange them for their weight in gold.

They were the valued possessions of a simple-hearted soul, and doubtless associated

with memories of his past life that were very dear to him, and in the fulness of his heart he entrusted me with the secret of his precious things. They were a child's treasure, and given with the simplicity and trustfulness of a child's affection.

Shortly after I left the country Koro was seized with an apoplectic fit and died suddenly, and so my dear old friend passed away to join the Saviour he loved so sincerely and served so faithfully.

I never met a more striking example of the transforming power of divine grace than in Koro, who was to me an ever-present miracle.

Once a cruel cannibal, he was changed into a kind-hearted servant of Jesus Christ, who, wherever he went, tried to do good to his fellow men.

Once an ignorant heathen, he was changed into a righteous and holy man, a diligent student of the Scriptures, full of faith and of the Holy Spirit—"a living epistle, known and read of all men."

I have reason to thank God for his example of devotion to the service of our common Lord in which I had often, with shame, to confess that he far outstripped me. And it is my earnest hope that we who shared the imperfect service on earth may hereafter share together in His perfect service in heaven.

After my return from England I learnt the

particulars relating to Koro's death from the Port Levy natives.

Simon, the catechist there, was one of the fruits of his ministry, and one of the oldest and most devoted of his friends; and he arranged that Maori customs should be observed when I was welcomed back, in order that the dead might be publicly-honoured on that occasion.

So, when I landed, I was met by several women waving shawls and uttering cries of welcome, who preceded me to the chief's house, where all the people were assembled. As I entered the door they all began the usual loud wailing for the dead, while I went to the end of the room and sat down, with bowed head, on the chair placed for my use.

When the wailing, which lasted about ten minutes, subsided into a moaning sound, some one began chanting in a low monotone a lament for those who had died during my absence :

"My tears flow now your return reminds me of those gone, who will never return.

"The loosened post, which upheld the house, is withdrawn, and, without support, the house totters to its fall. My bark has broken from its moorings and drifted off out of sight, borne by the current, a current it will never stem.

"Borne for ever from me. You went to Europe, and drew my bark after you.

"Oh, where is the pride of my heart gone!"

In this poetic strain the improvised lament was carried on for more than half an hour by several persons in succession, each one carrying it on in the same strain.

When the chanting and moaning ceased, the oldest chief present stood up, and, facing me, said :

"Welcome, spirits of the dead, who have returned with our living friend to-day.

"Your presence recalls those who are gone. In you, we see them. Your eyes, into which they looked, reflect them. In you, we see them once again. Welcome to the place familiar to you, and to those who are gone—those who were always ready to welcome you in the past, when you came here.

"Welcome Ihaia and Hera ; welcome Pita and Apera ; welcome Wiremu and Koro. Welcome to the spot your eyes have looked upon together, your feet have trodden upon together, and where your voices have mingled together. Welcome, welcome, welcome once more to Port Levy."

After several speeches of the same sort had been made and I had replied, every one came forward and shook hands with me, repeating the words :

Greeting to you present,
And to Koro absent.

When the company had dispersed, and I was alone with Simon, he took the opportunity

of telling me all I wanted to know about our dear friend's last illness and death, and so brought to a close the chapter of our Mission history which relates to the work of one of its best agents.

CHAPTER XI

CONCLUSION.

THE perusal of any record of Christian life amongst the Maoris must suggest the question to any thoughtful reader, acquainted with the history of the people, What caused them to exchange the law of hate for the law of love?

There were men in our Lord's day who attributed His miracles to Beelzebub, and the manifestation of His Spirit's indwelling Presence on the Day of Pentecost to drunkenness; and there are like-minded critics of God's work amongst mankind at the present day who refuse to believe that any improvement in the character and conduct of men is caused by a Divine Power outside them, influencing their hearts and minds—they attribute every improvement in conduct to motives of self-interest. Like Job's accuser of old, they will not allow that any human being can "serve God for nought." Critics of this kind, who saw the Maoris transformed from ferocious cannibals into kind-hearted Christians, attributed the change to bribery. They slanderously asserted that the mis-

sionaries bribed the Maoris with blankets and axes to change their ways ; and perhaps there are still some who believe the slander.

It would be useless to try to convince such persons of the true meaning of the facts which they misinterpret—facts which, to all who are not wilfully blind, prove that God the Holy Spirit is still present in the world, creating new and contrite hearts in all who are willing to submit to His gracious influence.

It is true that the Maori presentation of the “Christ-life” at the present day is very faulty ; but, to judge it fairly, it ought not to be compared with the presentation of it found amongst nations like our own, who have enjoyed the light of Christ’s teaching for fifteen centuries, but rather with the heathen standard of life, which the Maoris forsook less than a century ago ; and then the marvellous improvement in the character and conduct of the people will be seen and acknowledged, and any doubt removed regarding the divine origin of the change which took place in them, when, in obedience to the inward promptings of the Holy Spirit, they substituted the law of love for the law of hate.

It was the Holy Spirit who taught the Maoris the sanctity of human life, which as heathens they destroyed without compunction. It was He who influenced them to give up blood feuds, which their national code of honour required them to perpetuate. And it was He who drew those between whom

blood feuds existed to kneel together at the Lord's Table in peace and charity with all men. It was He who made them willing to give up cannibalism, slavery, and polygamy, and infanticide, and to abolish the religious system which was the mainstay of the dignity and power of their chiefs.

The Maoris grasped the truth that to follow Christ means not only the renunciation of sin, but a life of self-sacrifice, and it ought never to be forgotten that when they embraced Christianity, the rangatira class (gentry), which comprised the whole of the freemen, did what the rich young man in the gospels would not do—*they gave up all to follow Christ*. They gave up their "tapu" and "mana," by which their power and dignity were maintained, and voluntarily surrendered their power to their Christian teachers; they gave up their wealth, and reduced themselves to the rank of the poorest by setting at liberty their slaves.

The Maori gentleman, to prove his sincere acceptance of the Lord Jesus Christ as his Master, dismissed the tillers of his fields, the hunters and fishers of his preserves, the servants of his household, and degraded himself to the rank of a slave, by allowing one of that infamous class to eat food placed upon his head, which was the sacred shrine of the divinities he worshipped, and whose favour he for ever forfeited by this insult. The rangatira submitted to this degrading cere-

monial to enable the slaves to participate with him in Christian ordinances, which they would not have dared to do otherwise.

Men who had ruled powerful communities and distinguished themselves in times of peace and war, and whose influence extended far beyond their own tribes, humbled themselves as little children before their own slaves, and often submitted to be taught by them the first principles of the new faith.

If the lives of Maori Christians are not at this day as satisfactory as they ought to be, let us bear in mind that the fault lies in a great measure at our own door.

When the convert from heathenism accepted with childlike faith the precepts of the gospel, he tried to act up to them. But, when brought into contact with European Christians, he observed that many of them trampled under foot the precepts he had been taught to obey, and scoffed at the Bible, which he had been taught to respect. And this discovery caused him to doubt the truth of the new religion he had adopted, and to relax his efforts to comply with its demands.

But it was not to this cause alone that the spiritual declension of the people was due, it was equally so to political causes; for, when they discovered that all the countrymen of the missionaries did not attach the same value to the things for which they themselves had given up so much, they also discovered that the result of the Treaty of Waitangi, by

which they had transferred the sovereignty over their country to the British Crown, was that they were being deposed from their position as lords of the soil, and deprived of all political power, and that they were being tied and bound by laws which they had no part in making. And this discovery filled them with resentment, which found expression in John Heke's attack upon the flagstaff station at the Bay of Islands in 1845, and in the Land League and King Movement, which led to the Taranaki and Waikato wars in 1859 and 1863.

The way those wars were conducted by the Maoris proved the reality of their conversion to Christianity; for, when their fiercest passions were aroused, instead of reverting to the cruel methods of savage warfare, which they had always practised up to within ten years of their first hostile encounter with the English, they adhered to the humane methods of civilised warfare, and, by their chivalrous behaviour towards their foes, won their respect and admiration.

Reference to their conduct on a few special occasions in time of war will suffice to show that a New Spirit had taken possession of the people, who were once proverbial for their ferocity.

After hostilities began at the Bay of Islands, Lieutenant Philpots and a midshipman, while walking along the beach, were seized by Maoris lying in ambush, who, instead of killing

them, contented themselves with disarming the lieutenant, who carried a brace of pistols; and, after examining the weapons, they kept one, and, while handing back the other, cautioned that officer to take more care of himself in the future, and then they allowed him to return to his boat with his young companion.

The Maoris in quite another part of the country, when at war with the English, displayed the same desire to spare the lives of those who were opposed to them.

It was the duty of a naval officer named Holmes to patrol the Whanganui river, and, whenever his boat came within musket shot of the enemy on the bank, they invariably called out before firing: "Stoop, Holmes!" wishing to give him a chance to escape being shot.

During the raid on Wellington by the forces of the heathen chief Rangihaeata in 1846, when his men attacked the blockhouse at the Hutt, and killed Allen, the brave bugler-boy—who, after his right hand was chopped off, took the bugle in his left, and sounded the alarm before he was tomahawked,—Major Richmond, the popular leader of the English community, was allowed to pass and repass unharmed at all hours of the day and night by the enemy ambushed along the Wellington road. Whenever his white charger was seen, the word was passed along: "Don't fire! It's Richmond."

While the attack on Rangiriri, a fortified

pa on the Waikato, was proceeding, a British officer, who was mortally wounded during an assault which failed, kept begging for water. The supply within the pa was exhausted and none could be got without crossing the English fire, and procuring it from the river. One of the enemy, moved with pity, got a calabash, and sprang over the earthworks, in full view of our troops, rushed down to the river, filled it, and ran back through a shower of bullets, none of which, fortunately, hit him, though, sad to say, the wounded officer whose thirst he relieved recognised his dead body lying close to him, when the place was captured by our troops soon afterwards.

It was at Rangiriri that a written order from the Maori commander-in-chief to the defenders of the place was found on one the slain. It contained, amongst other things, the following direction: "If any English fall into your hands be kind to them. 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink.'"

An eye-witness of the assault on the Gate Pa, in the Bay of Plenty, tells how "the rebels fought like demons [why "demons"? why not heroes?—their conduct towards their enemies, according to the writer's own showing, was the reverse of demoniacal], and the struggle that took place between them and the attacking party under General Cameron was one of the fiercest in the history of the Maori War."

“Early in the morning of April the 20th, 1864, the ‘pa’ was entered, and the dead and wounded of both sides were found thickly strewn about the breach. In addition to Colonel Booth, who was found lying mortally wounded in the spine, Lieutenant Hill of the *Curaçoa*, the senior surviving officer from the wreck of the *Orpheus*, was lying dead, surrounded by a large number of our dead and dying. As I have previously mentioned, *the rebels behaved towards our wounded with the greatest consideration and humanity*. During the early hours of the night Colonel Booth called one of the rebels to him, and begged for a drink of water. Taking a calabash, the young man¹ went outside the ‘pa’ to the swamp, and, at considerable risk to himself, fetched the water to the sorely wounded colonel.”

It is true that acts of savagery were sometimes perpetrated during the wars with the English, but they were condemned by the real leaders of the people, who abhorred such deeds as much as we did. They were either the work of irresponsible persons, or of fanatics like the Hauhaus and Tekooti and Titokowaru. And it is just as unfair to charge the Maori people with the guilt of those crimes as it would be to charge the citizens of London with the guilt of the atrocious murders which are committed from time to time by residents in that city.

¹ Rawiri-Puhiraki.

It is a remarkable fact that the Maoris generally showed great reluctance to break off friendly relations with their English fellow Christians, even after hostilities had begun. They begged that the fighting might be confined to the particular part of the country where the quarrel originated, and that it should be treated as a duel between the Government and the Maoris opposed to them, and that the rest of the population, both Maori and English, should remain on friendly terms with each other. Bishop Selwyn and the missionaries favoured this idea, and continued during successive campaigns to act as chaplains to both sides, passing from one camp to the other, to hold divine service, or minister to the sick and wounded, or to bury the dead.

But, as the political differences between the two races increased, ill feeling on both sides became more embittered; the same forces came into play which have produced the religious differences that exist between the several races that people the British Isles. The Maoris felt that they could not continue to use the same forms of prayer as the English, and to invoke the ruin of their own cause; that they must devise some other way of approaching God, independently of their English teachers, whose interests had become antagonistic to their own; and Hauhauism and Te Whitism were the outcome of their efforts to attain their object.

When refusing to receive the ministrations

of Bishop Selwyn and the missionaries, they said: "You cannot ask God to bless your countrymen's arms, and then come and intercede with God for us. If you cannot stay altogether with us, confine your ministrations to your own people. Pray for them, and we will pray for ourselves, and God will judge between us."

The so-called apostasy of the Maoris from Christianity ought rather to be called a falling away from orthodoxy, and secession from all English forms of worship.

Hauhauism was an incongruous mixture of heathen and Christian teaching—of sense and nonsense; but its central idea was the worship of "God, good and gentle." The first hymn used in worship consisted of five verses, each formed by a threefold repetition of the initial line. It began:

God, good and gentle,
Father, good and gentle,
God the Son, good and gentle,
God the Holy Spirit, good and gentle,
Glory be to Thee, O Lord most High,
Glory, glory, glory.¹

Even the hated Te Kooti made the Psalms his battle-songs, and marched to meet our forces reciting the 46th Psalm, "God is our refuge and strength."

Te Whiti preached the doctrine of passive resistance to the Government, because *Christ's followers* were forbidden to use violence.

¹ *Vide* papers relating to Hauhau religion laid before House of Representatives, November 29th, 1864.

Though surrounded by hundreds of his adherents, Te Whiti allowed the Colonial troops under the Hon. Mr. Bryce and the Hon. Mr. Rolleston to enter his pa at Parihaka and to apprehend him and all his people, without offering the slightest resistance.

Those who are trying to induce their fellow Christians to take part in the work of evangelising the heathen can point with confidence to the humanising influence which Christian teaching has had upon the Maori race, and the permanent good that it has done amongst them.

The future prospects of Christianity amongst the natives of New Zealand are more hopeful now than they have been since the great estrangement from their English fellow Christians fifty years ago. During that period the Maoris have passed through painful and humiliating experiences. What they dreaded, and what they staked their all upon the battlefield to prevent, has happened, and they have lost their existence as a separate nation. But what they lost has been amply made up to them by their adoption into the British confederacy of nations; and they are beginning to realise the privilege they now possess of sharing in the noble heritage of British citizenship.

The Treaty of Waitangi, which the Maoris of the past generation denounced as a "trap" devised by the missionaries and their countrymen to rob them, is found by their descendants

to be the charter of their rights, which friendly foresight made for their protection, before they were capable of protecting themselves.

So far from being robbed of their lands, the Maoris of to-day find that in spite of all the hard words and blows exchanged between the two races about the disposal of them, the reduced area of land left in their possession far exceeds in value the sum for which their fathers would gladly have parted with the whole country. The Maoris find, moreover, that the great personal sacrifices made by the first converts in obedience to the divine command, "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness," are being literally rewarded; the children are "receiving manifold more in the present time" than their fathers gave up. It is because they are professing Christians, and not because of their mental qualifications or native virtues, that the Maoris hold the unique position among coloured races of being treated as comrades by the English inhabitants of New Zealand, who are proud to bear their name, and that their common country should be known as Maoriland.

Whatever positions of dignity the heathen fathers gave up for conscience' sake have been restored tenfold to their Christian offspring, who find that all honourable careers in Church and State are as open to them as to the English inhabitants of the Dominion.

And it is gratifying to know that the Maoris are taking advantage of the privileges accorded to them, and that some of them are to be found amongst the clergy, and in the medical and legal professions, and in both Houses of Parliament, and even in the Ministry amongst the advisers of the Crown.

But the most encouraging and hopeful sign of all, for the future well-being of the native race, is to be found in the association formed by some of the Te Aute College students in 1897. What its aims and objects are may best be learnt from the speeches made by its founders at their first conference. (The speeches were made in English, and are not coloured by translation.)

“Our object,” said Mr. Wiripa, “is to follow and maintain a high standard of life, by inculcating Christian principles, gentlemanly feeling, and high moral ideas.”

Mr. Poutarewa said that there was no doubt that their race had deteriorated, and the fact called loudly for reform; and the only way to accomplish it was by religious education.

“We want the Maoris to be strong, not only in intellect, but in morals; we want to make men and women of them, not mere clever puppets, moved and controlled by loose and evil influences. . . .

“We want the Bible in our schools. I think that we are amongst the most inconsistent set of people on the face of the earth, inasmuch as this Book of Books is found in our

two Houses of Parliament and in every Court of Justice in the land; we swear by it, and yet will not let our children read it in the schools. Such inconsistency is enough to make the angels weep. . . .

“If there is a cure for the present discreditable state of things it lies with us Christians—the State cannot be expected to do it.”

Mr. Ngata, M.A., said that their people required to be taught that the idleness and listlessness which characterised them must be cured.

“We are a small people in a remote corner of the world, though, by God’s grace, under the shelter of the British flag. Yet even to us has come the messenger of the nations, crying aloud the gospel of work, work, work. ‘Work with all the might, with all the power of brain and muscle.’ That gospel is final—absolute; there is no alternative for us but to accept it. For if the Maori people does not accept it, and soon, then, as surely as heaven is above us, it will die from off the face of the earth.

“Time was when circumstances permitted our people a happy and even a healthy existence, with the minimum of labour. . . . Then the pakeha came and brought a new and a strange and a restless civilisation. Through a century that civilisation, which is based on industry, has borne us along breathlessly, till to-day our existence depends on the readiness with which we can adapt our-

selves to it. To-day we find we must be industrious as the English are. . . .

“I had rather die of overwork than live a life of aimless yawning, useless and purposeless. Let us work, work, work, and let death find us in harness, working, working, working!”

Mr. Kohere, after deploring the absence of good home influences among their people, and the tactlessness of many of their native clergy, and their seeming inability to raise the spiritual tone of their people, said:

“I did not mean we should all be parsons, though more of us might have joined the ministry, but I do mean this—that we should all consecrate ourselves to Christ and to His service. . . . I mean that we should place ourselves in such positions as will enable us to be more helpful to our race, and more useful to our God. . . .”

“Though the Maori Church is in a backward state, I feel that there are going to be brighter days yet for her. Brothers, again I repeat that, during this Conference, we should, with one mind and heart, ‘make Jesus King’; and when we go home, with Him controlling our whole being, we shall, in His strength, endeavour to get others to enlist in the army of the Cross, and then, in His strength, we shall go forth to conquer.”

May we not hope that the dissatisfaction felt with the existing state of things in the Native Church, and the aspirations after a

higher standard of life amongst its clerical and lay members, expressed by the young men whose words have just been quoted, indicate that the Holy Spirit is moving in a special way on the scene of one of His greatest triumphs amongst mankind; and that it is He who has generated this "divine discontent" in the hearts of His servants, and that He will revive His work amongst the Maoris, so long hindered by their lukewarmness and unbelief; that, having "begun a good work" amongst them, "He will perfect it"?

Reader, pray that it may be so.







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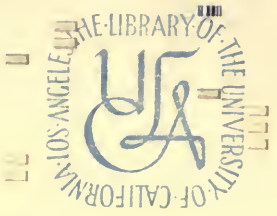
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